PRINCE CHARLIE

by William Power

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PRINCE CHARLIE By WILLIAM POWER

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PRINCE CHARLIE

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By WILLIAM POWER

T. N. FOULIS
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THE LIST OF CHAPTERS

I. The Last Hope of the Stuarts . . *page* 3

II. The Great Adventure 31

III. Prince Charles in Edinburgh 55

IV. From Derby to Culloden 79

V. His Highland Wanderings 101

VI. A Vagrant Prince 125

VII. The Sobieski Stuarts 153

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

PRINCE CHARLIE . . . . . *Frontispiece*

From a miniature in the possession of JEFFREY WHITEHEAD, Esq.

JAMES STUART—THE OLD PRETENDER . . . *page* 4

From an engraving.

JAMES STUART—THE OLD PRETENDER 8

By kind permission of C. HALKERSTON WOOLFORD, Esq., Edinburgh.

DISCUSSING THE NEWS 12

G. OGILVY REID, R.S.A. By kind permission of Mrs. LINDSAY, Edzell Lodge, Edinburgh.

KISSING THE DIRK 16

G. OGILVY REID, R.S.A.

PRINCE CHARLIE AT HOLYROOD 24

G. OGILVY REID, R.S.A. By kind permission of Mrs. BRECHIN, Edinburgh.

THE ALARM 32

G. OGILVY REID, R.S.A.

THE NEWS OF PRESTONPANS AT THE SMYRNA CLUB 48

G. OGILVY REID, R.S.A. By kind permission of JAMES PRINGLE, Esq., Edinburgh.

THE PRINCE'S SECRETARY 56

G. OGILVY REID, R.S.A.

DISBANDED 64

JOHN PETTIE, R.A. By kind permission of the Committee of the Victoria Galleries, Dundee.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN . . . . . *page* 72
G. OGILVY REID, R.S.A. By kind permission of JAMES C. CLARKSON, Esq., Edinburgh.

LORD GEORGE MURRAY 80

IN TIME OF WAR 88
G. OGILVY REID, R.S.A. By kind permission of FRANK HANSELL, Esq., Edinburgh.

CATERANS AT BAY 96
G. OGILVY REID, R.S.A. By kind permission of JOHN SMART, Esq., S.S.C., Edinburgh.

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND 100

LOCHABER NO MORE 104
J. B. MACDONALD, R.S.A. By kind permission of HARRY W. SMITH, Esq., Edinburgh.

A FUGITIVE ENTERTAINED 112
G. OGILVY REID, R.S.A.

FLORA MACDONALD 120

THE ORDER OF RELEASE, 1746 128
Sir JOHN E. MILLAIS, P.R.A. By kind permission of the Trustees of the National Gallery of British Art, London.

CLEMENTINA WALKINSHAW 136

FLORA MACDONALD 144
TOM ROBERTSON. By kind permission of the Glasgow Corporation.

PRINCESS LOUISE OF STOLBERG 152

DUCHESS OF ALBANY 160

CHAPTER THE FIRST
LAST HOPE OF THE STUARTS

" By yon castle wa', at the close of the day,
I heard a man sing, though his head it was grey,
And as he was singing the tears down came,
' There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.' "

Jacobite Song.

CHARLES EDWARD STUART

CHAPTER THE FIRST

LAST HOPE OF THE STUARTS

"IL N'Y A AUCUN EXEMPLE DANS l'histoire d'une maison si longtemps infortunée," remarks Voltaire of the Stuarts. And he cites in illustration the tragic misfortunes of the Stuart princes, from James I. of Scotland, a prisoner in England for eighteen years, and assassinated by his own subjects, down to Charles Edward Stuart, the defeated and degraded adventurer. The illustration might have been carried even farther back, to the unhappy Robert III., father of the murdered Duke of Rothesay, or to David II., the loser of Durham and the prisoner of England for eleven years; and the case of James I. of England, who won a base security by the sacrifice of every manly and picturesque quality, can hardly be counted an exception to the rule of unvarying misfortune.

The causes both of the Stuart misfortunes and of their long continuance—of

the long delay of the hour of final reckoning—are no great mystery. The Latin tradition of decorative and sacerdotal absolutism which the Stuarts represented was equally at variance with the turbulent and fanatical individualism of the Scottish people, and with the stubborn and utilitarian individualism of the English. The doom was withheld by Scottish patriotism, by English compromise, and by the loyalty of the devoted minority who shared the Stuart notions of the divine right of kings. But the spell was broken at last by that most uncompromising of Englishmen, Oliver Cromwell, "who taught kings that they have a lith in their neck." The lesson was not learned by the easy-going libertine, Charles II., who, however, evaded deposition by personal popularity and by a premature death. It was openly flouted by the saturnine and bigoted libertine, James II., who, with no personal following to appeal to, had no alternative but abdication and

JAMES STUART—THE OLD PRETENDER

hurried nocturnal flight. With his flight the Stuarts pass from the text to the margin of the page of history, and become mere pawns in the game of European intrigue. But as the dry and dusty light of political history recedes from them, they brighten into a constellation in the violet firmament of romance, and their part on the British stage culminates in an adventure worthy of the heroic age of Greece. The ring of Highland broadswords almost mingles with the rattle of Manchester spinning-jennies and the clatter of Clyde shipyards.

The romance as well as the history of the Stuarts would have closed with the abdication of James II. had it not been for the birth, six months before, on June 10, 1688, of the child on whose legitimacy vulgar Whig prejudice sought to cast a doubt by the absurd story of the warming-pan. Thirteen years later, when the last Stuart king lay dying at St. Germain, he was visited by Louis XIV., the faithful friend

of his house, who promised to support the claim of the only son of James and Mary of Modena to the British throne. And so, on his father's death, James Francis Stuart, the Chevalier de St. George, was acknowledged King of Great Britain and Ireland at Versailles, and sat at the right hand of *le grand Monarque,* clothed in the imperial purple robe of mourning. But those who attempted to proclaim him in London had to fly for their lives from a furiously Protestant mob. He is said, on fairly good authority, to have paid a private visit to his half-sister Anne at the time of her coronation, but with what precise purpose it is hard to tell. The star of the Whigs and of Marlborough was in the ascendant, and its glory was enhanced by the brilliant victories of Blenheim and Malplaquet. Scottish discontent with the Union may have prompted the futile attempt of 1708, when James, after a delay caused by measles, sailed from Dunkirk in a French ship which managed to reach the Firth of

Forth but was chased back to France by English frigates. A better chance came in 1710, with the Sacheverell trial, the fall of Marlborough, and the rise of the Tories ; but there was no attempt to take advantage of it. The best chance of all, a really hopeful one, was on the death of Anne, in July, 1714. Had James really been in London then, as Thackeray's *Esmond* represents him to have been, and had the all too philosophical George Keith, Earl Marischal, then Colonel of the Horse Guards, taken Atterbury's advice to proclaim him instantly at the head of his regiment, the Whig *coup d'état* of Argyll and Somerset would have been defeated, and Elector George would have continued to dibble in his Hanoverian kailyaird. No time could have been worse chosen than the winter of 1715. Louis XIV. had just died, France was under a regency whose first object was peace, and Charles XII., "the madman of the North," on whose assistance the Jacobites had counted, had since 1713 been in almost as desperate a

plight as James himself. The same day (November 12) had seen the rout of James's hopes at Preston and at Sheriffmuir—for a drawn battle is a lost one for revolutionaries—and when, on December 22, he landed with a few attendants from a small French ship at Peterhead, nothing remained for him but a dreary, half-incognito pilgrimage through a bleak and wintry country, and a series of unmeaning manifestoes and proclamations. His own presence proved the most discouraging factor. Mr. Lesly, his Protestant chaplain, had described him the year before as "tall, straight, clean-limbed, slender," with a graceful mien, a growing resemblance to his uncle, Charles II., and a hygienic belief in sport, but no love for it. "Being asked what he most delighted in, he said it would be to hear wise men discourse upon useful subjects. He frequents the public devotion, but there is no sort of bigotry about him. He is always cheerful, but seldom merry; thoughtful, but not dejected; and bears his

JAMES STUART—THE OLD PRETENDER

misfortunes with a visible magnanimity of spirit. He has a great application to business, and I have often admired his criticalness in the choice of words. He is very affable, and has something strangely engaging in his voice and deportment." This is not an ideal testimonial for a leader of desperate adventures, and as it is, it puts the best gloss upon some of the results of a rather effete ancestry and of an incredibly meticulous and cloistered education. In the chill of a Scottish winter and a lost cause, James wilted away into the figure described by an adherent at Perth: "Tall and thin; pale; speech grave, and not very clearly expressing his thoughts; I never saw him smile; our men began to despise him; some asked if he could speak; he cared not to come abroad among our soldiers, or to see us do our exercises." No wonder "the figure he made dejected us." Poor James! The Protestant liberties of Britain had perhaps but little to fear from him, but Elector George had even less.

A north wind blows him shivering from Montrose on March 4, 1716, and the kingdom of his ancestors beholds him no more. The scaffold, the dungeon, and the plantations decimate his adherents, and the "Cause" becomes the toy of foreign plotters. A Swedish plot is hatched in 1715 and blown upon in 1717, and with the death of Charles XII. at Frederickshall in 1718 Sweden goes out of the game. Two years later the Cause emerges again as a very minor part of Cardinal Alberoni's designs for the reassertion of Spanish sea-power; the Earl Marischal joins Lord George Murray and some 600 Highlanders at Lochalsh, and the Jacobite force is routed and scattered by 1200 Government troops in Glenshiel. Then comes peace-preserving, trade-fostering Minister Walpole, and the Cause goes fast asleep for over twenty years.

Meanwhile, the Cause and the Stuart misfortunes must have an heir, and in 1718 the dashing and accomplished Charles Wogan, wearer of a name illustrious in Jacobite an-

nals (though, curiously enough, it appears among the signatures to the warrant for Charles I.'s execution), was assigned the rôle of Abraham's servant, and went forth among the lesser courts of Europe to seek a bride for Prince James. His choice fell upon Maria Clementina Sobieska, the youngest of the three daughters of Prince James Sobieski, Austria's unsuccessful nominee for the throne of Poland in 1696. His father was the famous John Sobieski, who, born in 1624, became commander-in-chief of the Polish army, with the secret help of France conspired against his King, Michael, succeeded him as John III. in 1674, and in 1683 crowned a brilliant military career by leading the historic charge of cavalry which broke the power of the Turks and relieved Vienna. John's wife, Clementina's grandmother, was the Dowager-Princess Radzivil; his mother, wife of James Sobieski, governor of Galicia, was Theophila Danillowiczowna, granddaughter of the great Hetman Zolkiewski. Thus the German strain which Clementina

derived from her mother, Hedwiga Elizabeth of Bavaria, was quickened by a dash of Cossack blood. Clementina was fair, plump, with large but good features, and cheekbones inclining piquantly to prominence. Wogan reported her as "sweet, amiable, of an even temper, and gay only in season." The marriage was duly arranged, and Clementina and her mother set out from Silesia for Rome. But political complications arose, and by the Austrian Emperor's orders the ladies were arrested at Innsbruck and detained there in a kind of imprisonment. Wogan found them out and planned a rescue, which in the following April he carried out with the aid of three other "musketeers," one of whom was John Walkinshaw of Barrowfield, afterwards the father of another Clementina destined to be closely linked with the Stuart fortunes. On a frosty night Clementina escaped from Innsbruck in the disguise of a servant maid, and was escorted in hot haste by Wogan and his men through the passes into Italy. She was mar-

ried by proxy to James at Bologna on May 9, 1719, and in person at Montefascione on September 1, the union being blessed by the bride's godfather, Pope Clement XI.; and the happy pair took up residence at once in the Palazzo Muti, an imposing but rather dreary Palladian edifice in the older ecclesiastical quarter of Rome. There, at five minutes to ten on the night of the last day of 1720, in presence of a numerous and distinguished company of Jacobite courtiers, Roman aristocracy, and church dignitaries, Clementina gave birth to a male child. A few days later the boy, enveloped in consecrated baby-linen gifted by the Pope, was baptized by the names of Charles Edward Louis Philip Casimir Stuart. Rome was filled with rejoicing, and the astronomers announced that the heavens themselves had foretold the birth of the Stuart Prince, though what new star it was that appeared in the heavens towards the end of 1720 is unknown to modern astronomy. Four years and nine months later, amid rejoicings much more moderate,

and without any stellar recognition, the Palazzo Muti witnessed the birth of Clementina's only other child, Henry Benedict, known to history as Cardinal York.

At the time of their marriage, James was thirty-one and Clementina seventeen. The disparity of age would have been nothing had there been congeniality of disposition. Clementina was predisposed in favour of her husband, and she had a heart inclined to innocent and affectionate gaiety. But in solemnity, if not in wisdom, James was older than his years, and he was perpetually immersed in a futile maze of "state affairs," which involved a prodigious amount of writing. He was a born head-clerk or "documentary" historian: it is something to be thankful for that he did not write memoirs; one would have had to read them, and they would have been dreadfully dull. He bored his young wife terribly. His political preoccupations, too, had drawn him somewhat away from through-and-through allegiance to the Church of Rome; he dallied with

toleration, and encouraged Protestant advisers. And Clementina, like so many other young ladies of Latin or Slavonic birth and of conventual training, was a perfectly hopeless bigot. There was nothing in the material circumstances of the spouses to make for discontent. The palace was furnished in a style of sober but regal sumptuousness, the Pontifical Guards at the gate were a sign of guarantee of social prestige, the gaieties of the Roman spring and winter were varied by *fêtes-champêtres* during the summer and autumn residence at the lovely old lakeside city of Albano, and though the substantial fortune that James left indicates a considerable saving out of the Papal pension of 12,000 crowns, Clementina had a handsome little fortune of her own, and James, unlike Napoleon III., did not impose his plain English tastes in food upon his household and guests. But where spouses are hopelessly at enmity, the real cause is seldom political, theological, or even financial. Though almost as pious as

Charles I., James was not so immaculate. He had had mistresses in France, and there is every reason to believe that in Rome he sought relief from his wife's tantrums in a *liaison* with the wife of the Scottish adventurer, Hay, titular Lord Inverness. When taxed with it, he neither admitted it nor denied it, and he refused to banish the Hays from his court. Relations grew more and more strained, until, in 1725, six months after the birth of her second child, Clementina, as the result ostensibly of a quarrel about James's Protestant counsellors, withdrew to a nunnery, much to her husband's indignation. James's coldness and the dismal life of the mock court had conspired, probably, with the after-effects of child-bearing, to change the light-hearted if narrow-minded girl into a sour, jealous, hypochondriacal *dévote*. Several reconciliations were effected, but most of her life after 1725 was spent in convents. Ascetic living, and long orisons in dank chill chapels, brought on a rapid consumption of which she died

KISSING THE DEAD
By G. Ogilvie Reid, N.S.A.

on January 18, 1735, in her thirty-third year. Her tomb in St. Peter's is opposite the monument to her husband and sons Of her melancholy, well-meaning, laborious but ineffective husband—on whom Jacobite song-writers, ere they beheld him, had fastened the pathetically incongruous title of Jamie the Rover—there is no need to say more here than that after his wife's death he gradually lost hold of political affairs and followed her shade into a moping and cloistered piety. We have characteristic glimpses of him keeping the wine beside him at dinner and making his parched guests wait till their abstemious host had drunk—or holding didactic conversations in English with his two boys while the rest of the company were talking Italian or French—or appearing out of courtesy at parties given in their honour, and slipping away early to his studies and devotions. He sincerely mourned his wife, and may have perceived a judgment on him for his treatment of her, in the selfish neglectful-

ness and disobedience of their elder child. On the other hand, he received a consolation, greater, perhaps, than he deserved, in the devoted affection of Cardinal York. So fades away "Old Mr. Misfortunate," the Old Chevalier. He died on January 2, 1766, having survived the final ruin of his hopes twenty-one years.

To outsiders, however, the personality of the young prince seemed, as it developed, to justify the astral omen. At three years of age he was described, and not by either of his parents, as "the finest child in the world, healthy and strong; speaks everything, and runs about from morning till night"—a tendency that seems to have annoyed his hypochondriacal mother, for in one of his juvenile letters he promises "to be very dutiful to mamma, and not to jump too near her." "No porter's child in the country has stronger legs," remarks an admiring visitor. At seven he was remarkable for "dexterity, grace, and almost supernatural cleverness"; rode well, was an

excellent shot and a good tennis player; "bore his part at the balls in the Carnival as if he were already a man"; "could read fluently, recite the doctrines of the Christian faith like any priest, and speak English, French, and Italian perfectly." We catch sight of him and Henry, at the respective ages of eleven and six, "assisting" with their parents at water-fetes in Rome, and throwing money into the water for the young guttersnipes of Rome to dive or fight for. We may be sure that in all such diversions poor Henry's part was a very minor one. Charles respected his docile and demure brother, and had outbursts of sincere affection for him; but Henry, even in his remonstrant moods, was from first to last always the Prince's fag, and in his boyhood had the fag's share of abuse and knocks. Though naturally less clever than Charles, he was a diligent plodder, and became really something of a scholar. Charles, on the other hand, in spite of the eulogiums on his youthful precocity, never rose very far above sheer

illiteracy. Court jealousies, and the religious bickerings of his father and mother, had deprived him, at the age of four, of the excellent tutorship of Ramsay, the friend of Fénelon; and his cousin and governor, Sir Thomas Sheridan (a grandson, on the left hand, of James II.), to whom his education was mainly entrusted, would seem either to have been incapable of his office or to have grossly neglected it. Charles could never spell three consecutive English words correctly; he constantly refers to his Hanoverian rival as "Gorge." His English was at least idiomatic and fairly grammatical, but his French, though fluent, was both ill-spelt and of barbarous construction. He scarcely ever ventured on writing Italian. He had considerable mother-wit and a certain rude sense of style, was fond of reading when he had nothing better to do, and in his French exile became something of a bibliophile. Also, he was no mean performer on the bass viol. But, apart altogether from the faults of his education, he was devoid of in-

tellectual curiosity and was never a person of ideas, and a competent French authority declares that his knowledge was scanty and that he had little conversation.

Prince Charles, in short—and the fact is new to those who have regarded him as a mere romantic puppet—was, down to the fatal day of Derby, above all things a creature of action. He was early conscious of his mission, and though he took a somewhat Tartarin-like way of preparing himself for it, he was very much in earnest. The barbaric Sobieski strain in him expressed itself in a healthy and hearty contempt for the lazy and effeminate habits of the young Roman nobles. He escaped as frequently as possible from the enervating atmosphere of the Palazzo Muti, or from the languid alfresco frivolities of Albano, and spent his time in remote sylvan estates, hunting the boar, shooting game, and walking without stockings in order to inure his feet to long marches. He affected Highland dress and Highland fare, though he must have found

both rather heating in Italian summers. He had a prophetic addiction to the future occupation of his Scottish subjects, and found the Campagna rich in natural bunkers and hazards. At the age of fourteen he assumed the travelling name of the Chevalier de St. George—the "Young Chevalier"—and accompanied his cousin, the Duke di Liria (son of the Duke of Berwick and grandson of James II. and Arabella Churchill), to the siege of Gaeta, then occupied by the Imperial troops, and received his baptism of fire by venturing out to a position from which the Spanish troops had withdrawn. He was complimented and applauded as princes always are under such circumstances. Three years later his father sent him on a tour to the Italian courts, at all of which he was flattered and feted to his heart's content. But sieges were if anything more to his mind than state receptions; he was British of the British in his love for an active outdoor existence, and he had really the makings of a good soldier.

He was of commanding presence, nearly six feet tall, slimly but firmly built, muscular, supple, and robust, and of tireless energy and dauntless enterprise. "He had a body made for war," says his bitterest enemy, Lord Elcho. He was tenacious of purpose, and his ability to keep secrets caused diplomatists and has caused historians many a pang. That he was wilful, selfish, and undutiful there can be no doubt. He was in almost every respect a complete contrast to his brother Henry, a conscientious, kind-hearted, religious creature who never caused his parents a pang, spent much of his time and fortune in rectifying Charles's misdeeds, and was withal just a little of a prig.

Most important of all, perhaps, Charles was undeniably handsome and attractive. He had a broad and high brow, a strong and shapely nose, a clear complexion, slightly freckled, a curled and smiling mouth, sharpish chin, wavy chestnut hair, golden at the tips (he wore it in curl-papers on the night before a ball), and well-set eyes of a rich

dark brown. The eyes were perhaps the only authentic Stuart feature : in general appearance Charles took after his mother, and his physiognomy was Slavonic and German rather than British, French, or Italian. Except Mary, Queen of Scots, he was probably, in his youth at least, the handsomest of all the royal Stuarts, and the wanton ladies of the Italian courts were piqued by the coldness of one who seemed made for love as well as for war. Rude in private to those who thwarted or wearied him, he was fascinatingly courteous to people he liked or whom he chose to conciliate. The "petulant and merry expression" which Mr. Lang remarks in his early portraits must have been strangely taking. Before he was thirty the merriment had vanished and petulance had hardened into doggedness. But Prince Charles in his early twenties was still Prince Charming.

And now the European waters began to be troubled. Between 1739 and 1742 the eddy of the War of Jenkins's Ears broke, on

the death of the Emperor Charles, into the whirlpool of the War of the Austrian Succession, Walpole resigned, and Britain found herself allied with Austria against France and Spain and the new Power of Prussia. Murray of Broughton, the destined Judas of the Cause, hurried to Rome in 1740, was appointed Scottish Secretary, and hurried back to Scotland to join the Jacobite Association founded by Lovat, Traquair, and Balhaldie. The English Jacobites, Ormond, Watkin Wynne, and the rest, were stirred into a show of interest sufficient to force the hand of the French ministry. An invading expedition of 7000 men was equipped at Dunkirk. In January, 1744, Charles took what was destined to be the last farewell of his father, and left Rome on the pretext of a hunting expedition. He was accompanied by one of his tutors, Murray. At some distance from Rome, Murray, pretending that his horse had stumbled, fell purposely into a ditch, and lay moaning as if grievously hurt. This was a preconcerted

plan to divert the attention of passers-by, which it did ; and Charles, confident that the British spies were now off the scent, galloped quietly out of sight and changed his clothes. He rode at great speed and alone through the snow to Genoa, sailed to Antibes, and made his way, officially incognito, to Dunkirk, where he is said to have actually embarked on one of the French transports. The transports were within sight of Spithead when they were met and scattered by a British fleet and by Britain's faithfullest ally, a westerly gale. The expedition was abandoned, and Saxe went to win laurels in Flanders. All was virtually over. Charles was now to play a lone and desperate hand. He hung in the wind at Gravelines for some weeks, " goin about," he wrote to his father, " with a single servant bying fish and other things and squabbling for a peney more or less," and then returned to Paris. There he fluttered about restlessly for nine months, discouraged by his Scotch friends, cold-shouldered by the

French court, and pestered by duns. The adventure had got into his blood and taken his head, and he was determined to go "if he brought only a single footman." The British defeat at Fontenoy opened the way to some sort of action. He spurred the indefatigable Broughton into wringing promises of support (some of which were not fulfilled) out of several of his leading adherents in Scotland, raised about £3000 and bought muskets, broadswords, ammunition, "dirks, brandy, etc.," hired a ship through Mr. Walsh of Nantes, and curtly informed his father and King Louis of his intention to depart. Finally, on June 22, 1745 (old style), this most picturesque of filibusters set sail from Nantes in the small brig *La Doutelle*, with seven companions—including the Jacobite Duke of Atholl, Banker Æneas Macdonald, Governor Sheridan, and Parson Kelly—the "Seven Men of Moidart," whom a Scotch estate-factor afterwards described as "old allagrugous-like fellows as ever I saw." The usual Stuart hitch had to happen;

the attendant French man-of-war, the *Elisabeth*, with most of the munitions on board, was set upon by a British frigate and had to return to France. But *La Doutelle* held on, and on July 22 Barra was in sight, and Charles had his first glimpse of the kingdom of his ancestors. A golden eagle flying from the island to the mainland was hailed as a happy omen. Next day Charles landed on the island of Eriskay, where, in a night of storm and rain, he began his acquaintance with Scotland by helping to cook flounders he had helped to catch during the day, and by taking his turn of a bed in the miserable hovel that had been chosen for his first Scottish residence. And let not Clio forget with what care he saw to the airing of the bed for his elderly tutor and cousin.

CHAPTER THE SECOND
THE GREAT ADVENTURE

" When France had her assistance lent,
Our darling prince to us she sent.
Towards the north his course he bent ;
His name was Royal Charlie.
Oh ! but he was lang o' coming—
Welcome, Royal Charlie ! "

Jacobite Song.

" ' What's a' the steer, kimmer,
What's a' the steer ? "—
' Charlie he is landed,
And, faith ! he'll soon be here :
The win' was at his back, carle,
The win' was at his back ;
I carena, sin' he's come, carle,
We werena worth a plack.' "

Jacobite Song.

CHAPTER THE SECOND
THE GREAT ADVENTURE

FROM THE POINT OF VIEW OF A European statesman, the enterprise upon which Charles was now launched must have seemed fantastically foolhardy. Foreign aid was reckoned indispensable; and France had proved cold, selfish, and fickle, and the movements of her new ally, Prussia, were governed by an openly cynical policy of self-preservation.

In the eyes of Louis XV., the Stuarts were no longer useful auxiliaries, but only poor relations cursed with annoyingly speculative tendencies: to the cold and calculating Frederick they seemed a grotesque anachronism. And the apathy of French statesmen was justified by that of the English Jacobites. Futile and ineffective in the '15, they were now, for the most part, a mere coterie of superannuated sentimentalists—"a cross between a non-juring parson and one's grandmother"—who mumbled stupid catchwords over their wine, and whispered insincere nonsense about "hon-

est Frenchmen." On the positive side, little or nothing was to be expected from England. But in the negative aspect of affairs there were some signs of hope for a band of bold and conciliatory adventurers. George II. had not contrived to make himself much more British or any more beloved by Britons than George I. The éclat he had won at Dettingen was obscured by the Hanoverian interest in which the battle was fought. Protestant fervour was languishing. The neutral tendencies of Englishmen had been increased by the unpicturesque foreign policy of Walpole, and when the theatre of foreign war reopened it was conducted more than ever on the lines initiated by William III., who had been the first to make the British people mere paying spectators of their own military history. No nation since Carthage had ever been so profoundly unmilitary as the England of 1745. The regular army was not much bigger or more efficient than that of America on the eve of the Civil War; it was a mere police force, badly recruited and

THE ALARM

poorly organised, and the greater and better part of it was away being beaten by the French in Flanders. The Militia was a jest. On the other hand, Ireland, the native country of so many of Charles's most ardent (and least useful) adherents, was crushed and spiritless, and though Scotland still smarted under the humiliation of the Union, the new trading towns of the Lowlands were more pronouncedly Whig than the towns of England.

But there was one region of the British Isles that had resisted the peddling and utilitarian spirit that had infected the rest of the country. The Union, while it had pared the claws of Lowland Scotland, had sharpened those of the Highlands. Entrenched behind their mountains and morasses, and unharried by any militant and self-dependent Scottish government, the clans had gone on practising guerilla warfare with impunity in their inter-tribal disputes, and had gained in confidence and audacity by their successful forays in the defenceless

Lowlands. The Highlands had been almost negligible in the days of James VI. : they terrorised Scotland under George II. Moreover, the Jacobite tradition had amounted to a religion with them since the days when Montrose and Dundee threw themselves upon the protection of the clans. The Celtic spirit is romantically chivalrous, and is easily awakened to enthusiasm for a losing cause. The chiefs were either Catholics or high Episcopalians, and their experience in French military service alienated them still further from Hanoverian sympathies, and reconciled them to the idea of French intervention. Also, though—or because—they held their chiefships higher than English dukedoms, some of them secretly aspired to a share in British counsels (not to speak of rich English estates) which they saw no hope of obtaining under the Hanoverian régime.

The ambitions or sympathies of the chiefs were seconded by the extraordinary polity of the country over which they ruled.

Modern tourists who contrive to wax sentimental over trim shooting-lodges and obsequious ghillies, monster hotels with German waiters, and factitious "gatherings" where town-bred pipers and dancers disport themselves for the diversion of a London crowd, can form no idea of what the Highlands were like when every strath or glen was scratched over with cornfields and lined with thatched and windowless stone huts, when every loch was alive with fishing-boats, and when those desolate, parked-in deer forests were dotted with summer sheilings of mud and brushwood. Before the Rising, Lord President Forbes estimated that what was practically the standing army of the Highlands amounted to 22,000 men. Multiplying this by twelve, we have a total population of about 250,000, all directly or indirectly dependent upon the natural resources of the country—for the reiving and blackmailing of the border clans formed really an almost negligible source of income. How certain districts which modern estate

factors declare incapable of "carrying" a dozen crofters were able to support 10,000 people in 1745 is not sufficiently accounted for by the low standard of life of the cultivators — by their resort to shell-fish and their winter diet of milk and cheese—for their labour had to support not only themselves and their families, but also the lower gentry of tacksmen, who stood as zemindars between the Highland ryot and his rajah; not to speak of the host of "ministers" and attendants—from bards and armour-bearers down to ghillies and "sorners"—that swarmed about the local courts. On the other hand, the lower rents were all paid in kind or service, no wealth but a few cattle was exported, the tacksmen and their crofters had not to face the competition of sheep-farmers or foreign millionaires, and the rulers of lands which now yield their absent possessors £10,000 a year in sporting rents were content to live among their people on money rentals of from £300 to £500. The tacksmen, and the "wad-

setters," or larger farmers, lived more plainly than any Lanarkshire dairy-farmer today. Gastronomic plenty and variety, and occasional foreign travel, were the only peculiar luxuries of the chiefs and their families; their principal pride was their "tail" of personal attendants, their principal wealth the devotion and numbers of their people. The power of the chief was absolute, but the frequent harshness of its exercise was tempered by its patriarchal character: he punished as head of the family, not as despot; and the meanest herd of the tribe, with nothing but a tarred shirt and a pair of brogues to call his own, shared the name of his chief and was addressed by him as "kinsman." The devotion of the members of a clan to their chief was spontaneous and unquestioning; he was their providence, their conscience, their father, and in many senses their god. Difference of rank was in effect marked only by variety of dress and of equipment for military service: the "gentry" of the clan, who formed its front rank in war, and might

amount to about a fifth of its total fighting force, were armed to the teeth with gun, targe, pistols, claymore, and skean dhu, and arrayed in flowing tartans, ribboned hose, feathered bonnets, and a modulated amount of barbaric jewellery; the rest, bare-legged, bare-headed, with only a cast-off plaid or old coat to cover their thick stiff shirt, had to look to their dirk or scythe or reaping-hook to win them broadswords and fire-locks.

Such was the people on whose aid the heir of the Stuarts threw himself when he landed at Eriskay. Had the two chiefs to whom he sent messages from there risen for him, all the rest of the Highlands would have followed suit, and the crown of Britain might have been within his grasp. But Macleod was emphatically anti-Jacobite, and Sir Alexander Macdonald of Sleat was an invalid and held by the reigning government. So, without waiting for their answers, of which he had received a pretty accurate forecast, Charles sailed to the mainland and, on July 25, anchored off Borrodale, on the

north side of Lochmaddy, in the region of Arisaig, Inverness-shire. Here, at any rate, in the country of the Macdonalds of Clanranald, and within a day's march of the Macdonnells of Glengarry and Keppoch, the Macdonalds of Glencoe, the Camerons of "loyal Lochaber," the Stewarts of Appin, and the Macleans of Ardgour and Mull, he was among firm and assured friends. Possibly at no other place on the British coast would he have been safe from spies and enemies. The wisest, one might almost say the only wise thing, in the whole expedition was the choice of a landing-place.

Charles, however, was an unexpected guest, and the circumstances of his coming were distinctly embarrassing. Young Clanranald, and Macdonald of Kinlochmoidart, who were the first to visit the pavilion erected on board the *Doutelle*, were against rising, and counselled delay. While they were discussing the matter, Charles turned suddenly to Kinlochmoidart's younger brother, Ronald Macdonald, and asked: "Will *you*

not assist me?" "I will, I will!" cried the gallant young Celt; "though not another man in the Highlands will draw a sword, I am ready to die for you!" The flame of his enthusiasm melted away the caution of the other two Highlanders, and the Macdonalds were won. Charles told one of the clan that he did not choose to owe his restoration to foreigners, but to his own friends, and that if he could get but six trusty men to join him he would choose far rather to skulk with them among the mountains than to return to France. Having drawn the sword, he threw away the scabbard by despatching the *Doutelle* back to France, with a letter informing his father that he was prepared "to dye at the head of such brave people as I find here." It must have been about this time that he doffed the "plain black coat and the plain shirt, not over clean," that had formed part of his disguise of an English clergyman, and donned the curious composite garb of a French officer and a Highland chief, in which, or in

variations of which, he was to figure until the end of the campaign. Guarded by a hundred Macdonalds, "Tearlach Og, a Phrionns" (Young Charles, the Prince), received his new adherents in a large room in the *château-ferme* of Borrodale, where he made his first acquaintance with the language and the favourite refreshment of the Gael.

The Macdonald lead was quickly followed by Donald Cameron, younger of Lochiel, a grandson of the great Sir Evan Dhu, the heroic companion of Dundee. Donald Cameron, the hero of Campbell's well-known poem, and in many respects the most brilliant figure in the whole rising, was in 1745 a man in the prime of life, and, as Mr. Lang says, "united all the accomplishments of a gentleman and scholar with all the courage and high spirit of a Highland chief." He was an ideal landlord and was adored by his people. His soldier-sense was against the rising, but his brother, John of Fassifern, had warned him against the fascination of

the Prince. The warning was justified and forgotten. Charles told him he was determined to rise, and said that Lochiel "might stay at home and learn from the newspapers the fate of his Prince." "No," cried Lochiel—at least in the contemporary journalistic version of the interview,—"I will share the fate of my Prince, and so shall every man over whom nature or fortune has given me any power." The die was cast, the fiery cross on its way.

On August 19, at a spot near the eastern end of Loch Shiel, where the statue of Prince Charles now gazes southward over the desolate hills, the standard of the Rebellion, vaguely described as a large banner of red silk with a white space in the centre, was unfurled by the invalid Marquis of Tullibardine, to the pibroch music of the Camerons, who came marching over the hills 800 strong, with some Royal Scots prisoners taken in the first skirmish of the war. James VIII.'s manifestoes were read, including the one appointing Charles Prince Regent. With

the arrival of the Keppoch Macdonalds in the afternoon, Charles found himself in command of 1200 men. Two days later the full seriousness of his adventure was emphasised by the news that the reigning government had placed £30,000 on his head. He retorted by a proclamation appraising the head of the Hanoverian monarch at £30, but was afterwards persuaded to make an even bid.

Among those who figure in contemporary Whig legend as taking part in the ceremony of Glenfinnan, is a wanton and martial young Highland lady named Jenny Cameron. She is represented as coming in uniform and on horseback, with a drawn claymore, at the head of 230 Camerons, as being addressed by the Prince as "Colonel Cameron," and as serving him thereafter in her capacity as a votaress of Venus rather than of Bellona. She balances Flora Macdonald in a popular print of Charles and his supposed Egerias, with the motto, "How happy could I be with either," etc.; and the absconding Sophia in *Tom Jones* is mis-

taken for her and mobbed by an English crowd in a high state of Whiggism and virtue. One is glad to be able to destroy such a tawdry romance. Jenny Cameron was the elder sister of one of Charles's adherents, Captain Allan Cameron, afterward of Glendessary, a relative of Lochiel. She was present not only at Glenfinnan, but also at the court in Edinburgh, and with the army at Falkirk, where she was taken prisoner. But in 1745 she was nearer fifty than forty; her probable unmarried state argues against her personal attractions; her visits to the camp are quite accounted for by solicitude for her brother and his son, Donald; and there is no mention of her in any of Charles's correspondence. She was liberated on bail from Edinburgh Castle in November 1746, and in 1749 figures vaguely but innocently along with the traitor Samuel Cameron, in the mysterious business of the Arkaig treasure. She afterwards bought or fell heir to the small mansion-house of Blacklaw, since called after her Mount Cam-

eron—still intact and now used as a poultry-farm—on an eminence about a mile to the south of East Kilbride in Lanarkshire, and there she died in 1772 and was buried at an unmarked spot in an adjoining field. Of her later years local rumour says nothing, save that the neighbouring lairds, the Stewarts of Crutherland and the Maxwells of Calderwood, used to send their servants to the Parish Church to protect her from the insults of true-blue Presbyterian hinds. It is not clear that she had even a romantic or maternal interest in the Prince.

Charles himself was in no humour for amorous dalliance at Glenfinnan. The tide of his fortunes was rising, and he hastened to row upstream along with it. The Jacobite army, reinforced on the way by some 300 Appin Stewarts, marched east to Invergarry, where a messenger brought assurance of support from the veteran conspirator and double-shuffler, Lord Lovat, a madman of genius, a Highland superman who plotted for dramatic sport, and out of

sheer contempt for his species, rather than from any consistent motive of self-aggrandisement. On August 26, only the steep mountain range of Corryarick lay between the Highland force and the well-equipped government army of 1400 men with which General Cope had set out from Edinburgh the same day on which the standard had been raised at Glenfinnan. Cope, however, "swithered" at the mountain wall, and marched aimlessly on to Inverness; and Charles, after drinking his health, slipped in behind him and on to Dalwhinnie, where he took a willing prisoner in the person of a government officer, Ewan Macpherson, younger of Cluny, who some days afterwards openly joined the Cause to which he was to prove so loyal. During the march Charles won the hearts of the chiefs by his acquaintance with Highland history, and of the whole army by his prowess as a pedestrian and an athlete. He marched on foot throughout nearly the whole campaign. At Blair Castle—vacated by the Whig Duke

of Atholl, Tullibardine's elder brother—there was a review and a general inspection, and at night Charles took part in the first reel, to the tune, called for by himself, of "This is no my ain hoose."

At Perth, on September 4, James VIII. was proclaimed King. Here the army was joined by most of the Lowland or semi-Lowland Jacobites, the Cosmo Bradwardines of the Cause, among them the Duke of Perth, Lord Ogilvy, Lord Nairn, and Oliphant of Gask, father of the most famous of Jacobite lyrists, and the "auld laird" of her best-known song. These, with their followers, raised the army to a strength of nearly 4000. The most notable acquisition was Lord George Murray, Tullibardine's younger brother. He was forty years old, had been "out" in the '15 and at Glenshiel, had served in the Sardinian army, and had obtained a pardon and been appointed a Depute Sheriff. His motive in deserting that office to join Charles must have been solely the desire for military distinction,

for he had no romantic Jacobitism about him, and was, indeed, a very mundane, hard-headed, almost prosaic type of modern Scots aristocrat, with a son at Eton. He was appointed military commander and became, says Scott, "the soul of the undertaking." He was both admirably cool and desperately brave, and every charge he ordered he led in person. His only vices were the soldierly ones of blunt pride and passionate imperiousness. Charles always feared and at last hated him: his curious suspicion of him was probably due to the vigorous common sense which made Lord George seem so out of place in the Jacobite galley. But the Chevalier Johnstone is curiously wrong in saying that if Charles had slept through the campaign after Perth he would have wakened to find the crown placed on his head by Lord George. Lord George, like Montrose or De Wet, was an ideal general for an invaded country. But there was nothing Napoleonic about him; he was bold in minor operations, but al-

most puerilely timorous in major ones; an admirable tactician but no strategist. He could win a battle but not a war. He was that fatal paradox, a cautious gambler, sacrificing the only chance of success by discounting the chance of loss. But he was unswervingly loyal, and, in his later years, of a dignified patience. He died abroad, a broken-hearted exile, in 1760, and the line of Atholl was continued by his eldest son, who married the inheriting daughter of the Whig Duke and succeeded to the title.

There was no time for loitering at Perth. Cope had not yet been reckoned with; he had only been evaded. His army was marching from Inverness to Aberdeen, whither transports were being sent to convey them to Leith to join the English dragoons that had been marched up from Berwick and Dunbar under Colonel Gardiner. If Edinburgh was to be won without a siege, it must be done before Cope arrived. So, on September 11, the Prince's army resumed their march southward. The river Forth,

no longer bridling the wild Highlandman, was crossed at the Fords of Frew, about eight miles above Stirling, and the army advanced without opposition to the ancient town of Linlithgow, whose grey, crowded, quaintly-gabled houses, fine old Parish Church, ruined Palace, and swan-dotted loch, attract the eyes of passengers on the express trains between Glasgow and Edinburgh. Here Charles was welcomed by the Provost and his wife and daughters, all in their best attire and sporting white cockades. He was conducted in state to the massive quadrangular building which, as Scott has reminded us, was the Scottish Windsor :—

> "Of all the palaces so fair
> Built for the royal dwelling
> In Scotland, far beyond compare
> Linlithgow is excelling."

In 1745, Linlithgow Palace, like the family that built it, was on the eve of its final doom. But it was still entire and habitable, a unique blend of the grim old feudal castle and the ornate palace of the early-

Renaissance period. Within its strong high walls, if he had leisure for historical retrospect, Charles could conjure up the figures of some of the most distinguished of his ancestors: the first builder of the Palace, the fatally cultured James III., who had sought refuge here from his rebellious and art-hating subjects; the gay and gallant James IV., most typical of the Stuarts in his vices, his charm, and his tragic fate; the Scottish Haroun-al-Raschid, the accomplished James V., in his character of "gude man of Ballengeich," the hero of many a "sculduddery" ballad, and himself the reputed author of two of the best of Scottish genre poems. Charles cannot at any rate have forgotten that in Linlithgow Palace, two centuries before, was born the girl of whom her father, James V., had said, when the news of her birth was brought to him on his death-bed at Falkland, "It cam' wi' a lass, and it will gang wi' a lass," and to whom Scottish ballad and French drama had already given a place in literature that

was to rank higher than that of Cleopatra or Helen. What "cam' wi' a lass" was the French alliance that placed the Stuarts on the throne; and Charles was now to test the truth of James v.'s prophecy.

Meanwhile, the echoes of the old walls wakened to the heart-stirring réveille of the pibroch, the tartan plaid was "waving wide" amid cheering citizens in their Sunday clothes, and the claymores glittered in the yellow September sunrise that warmed the old town to a rosy flush and was reflected in ruby sparkles from the French wine bubbling from the fountain of James v. in the Palace courtyard. And with Charles's first sight of the grey rock and thin blue smoke-plume that masked the high-built capital of his ancestors, came the first easy laurels of victory, the earnests of an epoch-making triumph that seemed near at hand.

CHAPTER THE THIRD
CHARLES IN EDINBURGH

" The women are a' gane wud,
O ! that he had bidden awa' ;
He's turned their heids, the lad,
And ruin will bring on us a'."

Anti-Jacobite Song.

CHAPTER THE THIRD
CHARLES IN EDINBURGH

IF IT IS DIFFICULT FOR THE TOURIST to conjure up the Highland base of the Jacobite rising, it is almost as difficult for him to picture the metropolis which was the first objective of the Rebellion. Save for the trim esplanade, then a tangled and broken slope of neutral waste-ground, the Castle of to-day is in essential aspect the Castle of 1745. But in size, and also in many minute particulars, the ancient burgh of Edwin has altered beyond recognition. In 1745 there was no Princes Street, no New Town, no Morningside, Newington, or Leith Walk district. The space now occupied by the Waverley Station and the Princes Street Gardens was filled by a muddy tarn known as the Nor' Loch, deep enough along the middle to serve as a moat to the city on its northern side. Above the western portion of the loch rose the beetling rock and the Castle walls; from a point near the eastern end, the lower part of the Castle Hill was crossed, at the line of the

Netherbow, by the old city wall, which, running west along the southern slope of the Castle Hill, had until the end of the fifteenth century fairly represented the actual dimensions of the old hill-city. A wider area had been enclosed by the ten- to twenty-feet wall hastily constructed by the panic-stricken citizens when the news came of the defeat of Flodden: this wall, the nominal boundary of Edinburgh in 1745, took in a good deal of the level ground to the south, and encompassed Heriot's Hospital before turning north-westward to the foot of the precipitous Castle rock. But, despite the notorious compressibility of Scottish town-dwellers, a barrier made for purposes of immediate defence was bound to have been overleapt here and there: beyond the Netherbow a row of isolated mansions ran down the Canongate towards Holyrood, and there was a considerable group of houses about the Kirk-o'-Field, on the south-east. But all the plebeian and trading classes of the city, and a great part

of its aristocratic element, were still contained within the walls. An incredibly crowded mass of the loftiest tenements in Europe clung along the sloping backbone of the Castle Hill. With its shopkeepers on the ground floor, its "dives" in the cellarage, and its nobility, gentry, judges, lawyers, tradesfolk, workmen, and gangrels superimposed in dizzying storeys served by a common outside winding-stair, every tenement was a social microcosm. It was well said that the streets of Edinburgh ran up rather than along. The noisome wynds and vennels that barely divided the tenements were dark and dank, and thick-carpeted with the filth and rubbish thrown from the windows; for the streets were the only sewers, and down to Smollett's time Edinburgh was a byword in Europe for dirt and smells. As a compensation—though it was none to the inhabitants—Edinburgh was the most picturesque city in the world. The only difficulty can have been to find any place within the walls from which to enjoy

the superb effects of ornate and chaotically piled masonry. The High Street, with its upward continuation, the Lawnmarket, was the only thoroughfare corresponding to a modern street. The High Street, with St. Giles in the centre, seems nowadays none too wide: in 1745, and for many years after, it was split longitudinally by the grim old Tolbooth and by a line of high crazy tenements stretching from the Tolbooth to the east gable of St. Giles; while the church itself, on the sides not masked by the tenements, was surrounded by a huddle of ramshackle shops known as the Krames. Had old Edinburgh been as lightly touched by the "improving" hand as Amiens or Chartres or Avignon, British students of chiaroscuro would not have needed to go to the Continent for subjects.

In this remarkable little canyon-city were crowded some 40,000 inhabitants. Though the hated Union of the Parliaments in 1707 had shorn Edinburgh of much of its metropolitan glory, the city

was still *facile princeps* of all towns north of the Trent, and in every respect as indisputably the capital of Scotland as London of England. Glasgow, in spite of its Cathedral and University, was still a pokey little Whig town of money-grubbing Calvinists, with barely a half of Edinburgh's population, and not a hundredth part of its socia influence. The population of Edinburgh was still thoroughly representative of the rank, ability, and intellect of the nation : Edinburgh was destined to grow in interest and influence for nearly eighty years, and to attain her zenith just before "Imperial" sentiment, English marriages, railways, and foreign-invested wealth, drew the social and intellectual flower of Scotland to the English capital.

Thus the taking of Edinburgh was an achievement only second to the taking of London. Fortune played into Charles's hands. The Porteous Riot, nine years before, had shown that martial spirit and anti-Union feeling were still strong among the

lower classes, many of whom were drawn from the Jacobite regions of Scotland. The resident gentry, and the more aristocratic or less successful among the legal fraternity, were secretly Jacobite, their womankind openly so. But the Presbyterian ministers, and the merchants and shopkeepers who formed the main body of their congregations, were cosily and stolidly Whig. The relative effectiveness of these various elements was quickly made manifest when the news came that the Prince had crossed the Forth and was advancing on Edinburgh.

To stand a siege seemed hopeless ; the only safety lay in offensive action. For this the Town Guard, a small body of armed police, mostly superannuated Highlanders, was obviously useless ; equally useless were the Trained Bands, a vaguely organised body of some 1200 citizens, drawn together merely for festal or convivial occasions. The only immediate hope lay in two depleted regiments of dragoons. To support these there had been raised, mainly by the

ministers and the University, a body of about 1000 "Loyal Volunteers," most of them divinity students and serious-minded young shopkeepers, with a few lawyers as officers. On Sunday, September 15, news came of Charles's advance to Kirkliston. The dragoons marched out to Coltbridge; and at the sound of the fire-bell about 400 of the Loyal Volunteers, amid the wails and expostulations of their female friends, paraded in the Lawnmarket, and loaded their pieces for the first time. "Does this not remind you," said one of them to his companion, "of the Gens Fabii marching out of Rome to meet the Gauls, while the matrons and virgins were wringing their hands? You must recollect the end, Mr. Hew, *omnes ad unum periere*." Under such dismal apprehensions did the gallant band of devoted Whigs march slowly westward, their ranks thinning as youth after youth was drawn away by a weeping sister or aunt. The few who reached the West Port tamed their hearts of fire on the entreaty of the Princi-

pal of the University, and were set as sentries round the city wall. Next day the unsupported dragoons came in touch with the Highlanders and fled incontinent, in sight of the trembling Volunteers, along the western shore of the Nor' Loch and on by Leith to Prestonpans. This was the " Canter of Coltbridge." It left Edinburgh naked to the Highlanders, and the arms of the Volunteers were given up to the Castle. The Provost, whose name was Stuart and who was suspected of being a Jacobite, received a letter signed "Charles, P.R.," demanding surrender. Two deputations were sent out to ask time for consideration. The second one was not received. Close behind it, on its return, came 500 Camerons, with orders to force an entrance. As they hung about the foot of the walls, they noticed the Netherbow Port open : the coach that had brought back the second civic deputation was being taken to its stables outside the city. The Camerons instantly slipped in, overpowered the guard, and marched quickly up to the City Cross,

their bagpipes playing "We'll awa' to Sherramuir to haud the Whigs in order." They held them in order till next day, bivouacking beside the fires that sent weird lights and shadows up the grim tenement-cliffs, and refusing the Circean draughts of whisky proffered by real or pretended sympathisers.

Next day, the 17th of September, Charles led the main army round by Duddingston to avoid the fire of the Castle, and halted on Hunter's Bog, the hollow between Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags. Here he mounted his horse, and, accompanied by the leaders of his army, rode towards the expectant crowd of citizens that thronged the approach to Holyrood. His appearance was all in his favour. One beholder described him at this time as "a slender young man, about five feet ten inches in height; of a ruddy complexion, high-nosed, large rolling brown eyes, long visage, chin pointed, and mouth small in proportion to his other features." He was dressed in tartan trews,

a neat-fitting tartan coat and embroidered waistcoat, with a blue sash, wrought with gold, over his shoulder, and a perruke matching the chestnut-gold hair that welled from beneath a gold-laced bonnet of green velvet in which was stuck a white cockade in the form of a St. Andrew's cross. He rode well, and the dignified melancholy that tempered his smiles was calculated to win the hearts of the loyal young ladies of Edinburgh, who waved their kerchiefs to him, and paid him the tribute of many a tear. The men, too, were enthusiastic, and it was amid heartening cheers that Prince Charles rode on to Holyrood. As he entered he was dramatically saluted by a veteran Jacobite, James Hepburn of Keith, who came forward with a drawn sword and renewed the allegiance that had cost him his social rights and many years of liberty. Undeterred by the omen of a fall of slates and chimneys, said to have been brought down by a shot from the Castle, Charles passed on into his apartments, to appear

DISBANDED
By John Pettie, P.A.

a few moments later at an open window, from which he bowed his acknowledgments of the continued cheers.

Meanwhile the Heralds, in their antique finery, marched up the Canongate and High Street, and proclaimed King James III. and Charles Prince Regent from the City Cross. A prophetic observer might have seen beside them that ghostly Herald of doom who, in a still night of 1513, had summoned by name the flower of Scottish chivalry to compear before their Maker within forty days. But the sun shone brightly, and the eyes of the spectators were all for the beautiful and ill-fated Mrs. Murray of Broughton, who sat on horseback distributing white cockades to young gentlemen eager to shine as gallant knights in the eyes of their own fair ladies. They could receive the first earnest of their reward that evening at the great ball given by the Prince in Holyrood. The old grey building, a mere palace of shadows since 1707, woke up to such light and life and gaiety as it had not known since Queen

Mary's "French fillocks" "targeted their tails" and impregnated the chill Calvinistic atmosphere with a warm-scented whiff of Parisian frivolity. The old half-Celtic Scotland, martial, proud, splendour-loving though poor, seemed to have risen from the tomb where she had lain since 1603, when a patriotic noble appeared at James VI.'s send-off in funeral costume, as at the obsequies of national life.

Holyrood had come "wi' a lass," and it had gone through the means of the same lass. Beside the twelfth-century Augustinian Abbey where the Stuart kings had lodged when the Castle was uninhabitable or untenable, James IV. had built the Palace for the reception of his Queen, Margaret Tudor, the daughter of Henry VII., through his descent from whom James VI. had succeeded to the English throne. Save that the Abbey had fallen into disrepair and the "pleached gardens" into rankness, the royal abode was very much as it had been when James VI. left it. The surroundings

on all sides but one were almost wildly rural; and the foot of the Canongate was met by a crescent wall, with a noble gateway leading towards the city. Ere he retired to rest Charles could make acquaintance with the august ancestral shades that haunted the building. The seventy or eighty mythical Celtic kings, painted sixty years before by the Flemish de Witt at three guineas apiece, may or may not have appealed to his Highland sympathies; and the associations of the third, fourth, and fifth Jameses with the palace were but scanty. But here were the bedroom of Mary Stuart, the very bed she slept on, the halls where she led the dance, or chattered with her "French fillocks," or wrangled with her grim enemy and admirer, Knox, the study-chamber where she wrote and read with her faithful Piedmontese secretary, Rizzio, the stair to which his bleeding body was dragged by the ruffianly Ruthven and Lindsay, while the tipsy Darnley fawned menacingly upon the proudly contemptuous Queen,

who, by the tragedy of Kirk-o'-Field, and her marriage here to the cowardly swashbuckler, Bothwell, was soon to let the world know how well and how badly she could "study revenge." And here, a ludicrously contrasting figure, was her changeling son, the "Scottish Solomon," rushing about in panic terror "with his breeks in his hand," or sitting at his desk forging new weapons of casuistry and torture against the poor, friendless old women in whom he saw the agents of the arch-enemy of mankind and the particular enemy of James VI.

That Charles seldom spoke about his ancestors does not argue indifference concerning them: royalties take their descent very much as a matter of course. But in the meantime his communings with the Stuart shades were interrupted by business of a more pressing sort. Cope had landed at Dunbar, and was advancing towards Edinburgh at the head of about 3000 men. Charles found Edinburgh as indefensible against Cope as the Whigs had found it against

himself. So the city was left in charge of a mythical concealed garrison of 500 Highlanders, and on the second day after his arrival in Edinburgh, Charles drew up his army in the King's Park, placed himself at their head, and, drawing his sword, shouted, "Friends, I have thrown away the scabbard." Cheered and cheering, the army marched back to camp at Duddingston. Next day they advanced eastward along the high ground and halted on a slope in full view of Cope's army, which, misled by some young student scouts, among them the future " Jupiter " Carlyle, had encamped on a stubble field near the sea. The relative positions of the two armies were curiously similar to those they were to occupy before Culloden. But Cope had neither the élan nor the veterans and guns of Cumberland, and the Highland army was fresh and confident. Cope foolishly hesitated either to attack the Highlanders or to advance past them to Edinburgh, and the day passed in mutual feints and reconnaissances. The

armies bivouacked for the night in full hearing of each other's drums, the English in their tents or by their fires, the Highlanders wrapped in their plaids and pillowed upon bundles of new-cut pease. Charles shared the bed of his soldiers, and slept untroubled by the thought that the ground where he lay was Carberry Hill, where Queen Mary had begun the long dreary progress that ended at Fotheringhay. About an hour after midnight he was roused by Lord George with the news that a volunteer named Anderson could guide the army by a dry path through the morass that divided the forces. Charles gave orders for an instant advance. From the frosty starlight the Highlanders descended softly into the mist of the plain, the Camerons and Macdonalds in front, the Prince leading the second column. The mist cleared away, the pale dawn began to break, and an alarm-gun from Cope's army brought rustics from their cottages to the walls of a park in rear of Cope, and the soldiers of an English frigate in the Forth to the yards, and

showed them the English bayonets glittering in the sun, and the Highlanders kneeling in momentary prayer and drawing their bonnets over their brows. Then the yell of the slogan mingled with the fierce notes of the pipes, and the Highlanders rushed forward. Their onset was terrific, and so little idea of resistance to it was there that the Prince was able to laugh at the ridiculous sight of thousands of bare Highland legs.

> "Horse and man went down like driftwood
> When the floods are black at Yule."

Colonel Gardiner, the only English officer of experience and coolness, was killed by a scythe, about 800 regulars were killed or wounded, and the dragoons who escaped galloped to Berwick without drawing rein. In less than a quarter of an hour Cope's army had vanished like smoke, and the Highlanders had lost barely a hundred men. It is to Charles's credit that his first care was for the English wounded and prisoners. The officers were liberated on parole, which many of them broke, and the tender-

ness with which the wounded were treated roused the indignation of the Highlanders, as did also Charles's quixotic refusal to apply at once for a cartel for exchange of prisoners; while the Cameronians of the West Country were contemptuously astonished that he did not extirpate those "vermin of hell," as they designated the English regulars. Though the aspirant to a throne is naturally on his best behaviour, Charles's conduct here and throughout his campaign justifies Mr. Lang's remark that "the contrast between Charles and Cumberland was that of a civilised and chivalrous commander against a foe as treacherous and cruel as a Huron or an Iroquois."

Charles returned to Edinburgh a conquering hero. But he wisely forbade any rejoicings over the discomfiture and death of British subjects. The citizens were pleased with this, and with his toleration of Presbyterian worship, and Charles flattered them by his promise that James III. would make Edinburgh his Herrenhausen. State balls

were given nearly every evening at Holyrood, and the Edinburgh ladies were as enthusiastic as ever, though Charles paid them but little attention, and hardly ever danced. Their men-folk, however, who had been pleased with the invasion as long as it seemed a mere ploy, began to grumble at the serious effects upon banking and commerce. Billeting, also, was a novel and disagreeable experience, and the clansmen, who had seemed amusing enough when they strutted about in looted finery and sold watches for a trifle because "ta cratur was deid," began to be more than a nuisance when they presented pistols at the heads of sober burgesses and demanded "a bawbee."

Scotland, in short, was at too delicate a stage in her economic development to be able to afford the luxury of war. Charles was intelligent enough to realise this, and also that the weakness of his rising was that it was dynastic merely and had no political significance. His attempts to make political capital were neutralised by his Irish advisers,

whose political notions were those of France and Rome, and who were detested by the Scots. France had awakened to interest and had sent men and stores, the Highland ranks were filling, and fervour was lent to the enterprise by the advent of such men as the gallant old Lord Pitsligo, the highest type of Scottish cavalier. Lord Lewis Gordon was active in the north, and in spite of the Hanoverian companies, Scotland could easily be held by force of arms in the meantime, and perhaps ultimately be reconciled to the new régime by judicious playing on anti-Union feeling. But if the movement became notoriously Scottish, England was lost. And if England was to be won, it must be invaded before the whole Hanoverian army had been brought back from Flanders.

These views, urged morning after morning by Charles at his war-council, were at last found unanswerable, and the march into England was resolved upon. Charles, against his better judgment, agreed to Lord George's proposal to avoid Wade's army in the

north-east of England, and to beat up the Jacobite counties of Lancashire and Cheshire. So, leaving the Castle untaken, Charles held a farewell review on Portobello Sands, and, on October 31, six weeks after the victory of Gladsmuir, set forth for England at the head of the centre column of a fairly well-equipped army of about 8000 men. Edinburgh, in the spirit of her douce Provost in Scott's ballad, waved him adieu, and turned with a sentimental sigh of relief to her lawsuits, assemblies, potations, and prayers.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH
FROM DERBY TO CULLODEN

" 'Twas on a Monday morning,
Right early in the year,
When Charlie came to our toun,
The young Chevalier.
Oh, Charlie is my darling,
The young Chevalier.

"As he came marching up the street,
The pipes played loud and clear,
And a' the folk came running out
To meet the Chevalier."—LADY NAIRNE.

" No more we'll see such deeds again,
Deserted is each Highland glen,
And lonely cairns are o'er the men
Who fought and died for Charlie."
MRS. NORMAN MACLEOD, SENR.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH
FROM DERBY TO CULLODEN

LIKE MOST PEOPLE WHOSE NATures hover between sanguineness and brooding, Charles was melancholy only in inaction —and the tragedy of his life was that it was nearly all inaction. During the march to the Borders he proved himself a worthy descendant of the great Polish general. He was brisk and cheerful with his officers, and encouraged the men by talking to them and by marching on foot with them the whole way, through mud and morasses and mountain snows. On November 8 he crossed his Rubicon, the Border Esk. A week later, after an easy siege, Carlisle fell. The invasion of England had a sobering effect upon the ill-armed, ill-clad rank and file, who had nothing to look for but an uncertain sixpence a day and the chance of plunder, and nearly 3000 of them deserted. The leaders, and the well-armed front-rankers (who had a shilling a day and the chance of promotion), remained faithful, and the 4500 who went forward were the flower of the Scottish Jacobites.

But Lancashire was apathetic, and supplied only 300 men, who were formed into the ill-fated Manchester regiment under Colonel Townley, with the "Jemmy Dawson" of the heart-rending ballad among the officers. And the greetings of devoted old Mrs. Skyrig, who had seen Charles II. land at Dover and who now pronounced the Nunc Dimittis over his grandnephew and gave him all her possessions (she died of grief on learning of the retreat from Derby), did not make up for the indifference of Cheshire and Wales. The Duke of Cumberland, too, reputed the best general in England, had taken over Ligonier's command and was at Lichfield, only a few days' march distant. Charles had still spirit enough to quarrel with Lord George. But his spirit was broken by the result of the final quarrel at Derby, on December 4, and he realised the hopelessness of winning a throne with an army whose commissioned ranks were merely an unruly tribal council. That he had been able to control them so far, and

LORD GEORGE MURRAY

to bring them against their will within a week's march of London—farther south than any Scottish army had ever been before—argues not only great personal magnetism, but also a tact and generalship for which Charles has barely got credit. Montrose and Dundee had never attempted so much ; Napoleon could hardly have done more.

What Lord George saw was that if he went on he would be hemmed in by the armies of Wade and Cumberland, and by the militia force that was being formed in London. What Charles saw was that if London was reached, the many Jacobites there, in the west, and even in the two Hanoverian armies, would declare themselves ; and so good an observer as Smollett thought that Charles was right. Also, Charles saw that London was his only chance. But the counsels of the cautious gambler prevailed. The last valid stake of the Stuarts was withdrawn from the table. On December 6 the retreat from Derby was begun, and the Rising be-

came what Horace Walpole thought the feeblest of things, "a rebellion on the defensive."

The decadence of the gay and light-spirited Prince dates from the fatal day of Derby. He became taciturn and morose, and consoled himself by private outbursts of temper for his dull outward compliance with the counsels of his officers. He had led the advance on foot; he led the retreat on horseback. In the brilliant night-affair of Clifton, where Lord George, with a rear-guard of less than 1000, routed 4000 of Cumberland's dragoons, Charles had less than no part. Either in sheer desperation, or encouraged by the news of Lord Lewis Gordon's successful advance to Perth, he supported the proposal to leave Townley's regiment garrisoned in Carlisle—to be snapped up a few days later, or reserved for leisurely devouring, by the Butcher Cumberland, who thereupon returned to London. It was on Charles's birthday that the Highlanders forded the swollen Esk and, on

Scottish, not on English, ground "danced themselves dry to the pibroch's sound"; and Charles is said to have, with great bravery, saved a soldier from drowning.

Freed from the English pursuit, Charles spent two days hunting in the old Caledonian Forest at Cadzow, and on the day after Christmas he entered the Cathedral city of Glasgow, at that time a prosperous, handsomely built place of about 20,000 inhabitants, and, from all accounts, one of the prettiest, cleanest, and pleasantest cities in Europe. He took up his quarter in the old Shawfield mansion, then occupied by a Mr. Glassford, after whom the neighbouring street is now named. The windows fronted on the main street, the Trongate, and Charles did his best to advertise his cause by dining in public and walking abroad in state. But the Whig merchants and shopkeepers of Glasgow, "loving and honouring the King as a sort of Lord Provost of the Empire, or chief of the Board of Trade—venerating the Commons for the Acts regul-

ating the export trade—and respecting the Peers, because the Lord Chancellor sits on a woolsack"—saw no congenial symbolism in the "faded port, and regal aspect wan" of a distressed Prince. "Our very ladies"—justifying the character afterwards given them by General Wolfe—"had not the curiosity to go near him," writes Provost Cochrane, "and declined going to a ball held by his chiefs. Very few were at the windows when he made his appearance, and such as were declared him not handsome!" A citizen of more sympathetic vision than the purse-proud Glasgow dames was struck by his "princely aspect, its interest much heightened by the dejection which appeared in his pale fair countenance and downcast eye." A review held on the Flesher's Haugh, at the Clyde-side, gained only one recruit, "ane drunken shoe-maker." It may have been another drunken shoemaker, but a Whig one, who shot at Charles in the street. But the cosy burgesses were made to reclothe the ragged army, and Charles carried

off arms and printing-presses, as well as two live bailies, as security for balance of tribute.

Marching to Stirling, Charles was joined by the northern Jacobite forces and the French auxiliaries, and found himself beginning 1746 with a well-equipped army of nearly 10,000 men. Much good time was wasted by the army over the futile siege of Stirling, conducted by a vapouring and drunken French engineer. Hawley's advance from Edinburgh with 7000 troops broke the Jacobite inaction. On a wet, stormy evening the two armies met, or rather blundered upon each other, on a broken piece of moorland to the west of Falkirk. The wind and rain and their keener sight favoured the Highlanders, and a short but incredibly confused battle resulted in Hawley's retreat on Edinburgh. "My heart is broke," wrote Hawley to Stair. But Charles's healing heart was broken too when his officers decided, on account of desertions, not to push the advantage but to retreat north. He struck his head against the wall of his room and

exclaimed, "God, God! have I lived to see this day!" But in council he contented himself with declaring, "I take God to witness that it is with the greatest reluctance I yield, and that I wash my hands of the fatal consequences, which I foresee but cannot help." He consoled himself, at Sir Hugh Paterson's house of Bannockburn, by flirting with Sir Hugh's black-eyed niece, Clementina Walkinshaw, "of whom more anon." A fortnight later, Cumberland, who had been appointed Commander of the Forces in Scotland, was occupying Charles's rooms in Holyrood, Linlithgow Palace was in flames, and Charles was over the Forth. He was followed, at a respectful distance, by 5000 Hessians, who garrisoned Perth and locked up the Highland Road while Cumberland came up by the eastern Lowlands.

The Highland army marched north in three columns. The central one, which Charles accompanied, must have straggled somewhat, for during his three days' stay at Moy Hall—vacated by its owner, the

Mackintosh, who was Hanoverian—Charles narrowly escaped being taken. Loudoun the Hanoverian general in the far north, received information of his whereabouts, and with 1500 men made a night march from Inverness (about twelve miles north-west) in order to capture him. The dowager Lady Mackintosh, who was staying at her house in Inverness, sent the intelligence by a fleet messenger to the servants at Moy. Three of them, without informing Charles, slipped out on to the moor, and, when Loudoun's force came up, managed, by shouting orders and firing shots from different points, to make them imagine that they were surprised by the whole Jacobite column. Three of Loudoun's men were killed, including Macleod's piper, Macrimmon, who had composed his prophetic lament before leaving Skye; and the Hanoverian force ran back to Inverness and went over by Kessock Ferry into Ross-shire. This was the Rout of Moy

A few days later, March 3, Charles, who had been joined by Lord George Murray, and had

captured Inverness Castle, was able to pay his thanks in person to Lady Mackintosh.

The net was closing round Charles and his devoted army. But there was still a breathing space before the arrival of Cumberland, who had barely left Perth. Lochiel and Keppoch, with their clansmen and the French troops, had taken Fort-Augustus, but they were wasting time over Fort-William, and had to abandon it a few days before Culloden. Cluny and Lord George captured thirty Government posts in Perthshire, but the advance of some Hessians from Perth compelled them to give up the siege of Blair Castle and hurry north. The Duke of Perth's rout of Loudoun's "independent companies" in Sutherlandshire, and the success of some skirmishing parties in Strathspey and Strathbogie, were more than set off by the loss of the sloop *Prince Charles*. She had been returning from France with some 200 men, military stores, and £12,000 in money, and was chased ashore by English cruisers in the Pentland Firth and captured

IN TIME OF WAR
By C. [illegible], K.S.A.

by Lord Reay; Cromarty, Barrisdale, and Glengyle were captured in an attempt at recovery. The loss of the money and stores was most serious, since it compelled the famished and penniless army to keep open the line of Inverness and the coast, and forbade a retreat into the mountains. Sheer hunger, combined with the approach of seed-time, which called the crofters to their homes, caused so many desertions that on the day of need only some 5000 mustered out of an army of 8000.

The doom crept nearer. On April 8 Cumberland left Aberdeen with about 9000 (two-thirds infantry and a third cavalry) of the best-trained and best-equipped troops that had been embodied in Britain since the days of Cromwell. Most of the infantry and many of the cavalry had seen service under Cumberland in Flanders, and were as glad as he of an easy chance to wipe out the stain of Fontenoy. On April 15 they formed camp at Nairn, within fifteen miles of Charles's army, and got moderately drunk in

celebration of their leader's birthday. It was only his twenty-fifth ; he was a year younger than his Stuart cousin. The third son of George II. had matured quickly in military service, in cruelty, and in vice. At twenty-one he had been a major-general; at twenty-two he had played the Black Prince to his father's Edward III. at Dettingen and distinguished himself by his cool bravery. The "great military genius" which Horace Walpole was told he possessed was displayed neither at Fontenoy, where his observation was bad and his leading rash, nor during his subsequent Flemish campaign of 1747 and 1748, when he was again hopelessly outwitted by Saxe; and in Hanover in 1757 he was a hopeless failure. He was a good sergeant-major, but no general, and Culloden was his only victory. The glory of it had vanished by 1751, when he was passed over in the Regency Bill and lost favour even with his father. He instituted Ascot. He was florid and corpulent, and his cold debauchery matched his dull

ferocity. His judgment of men and morals is admirably summed up in his reference to the good and wise Lord-President Forbes as "that old woman who talked to me about humanity." Except with the common soldiers, who were fond of him, he was a morose, unhappy being, and the brain-clot of which he died, unmarried, in 1765 suggests a possible extenuating cause of his abominable characteristics.

As if fortune had not done badly enough by them, Charles's army played most persistently into Cumberland's hands. The bad scouting of the English, as well as their birthday jollification, gave every chance of success to the night attack on which the Highland army set out at eight on the evening of Tuesday, April 15. The distance to be covered, some eight miles, was a trifling one for mountaineers to march in the dark hours of an April night. But the rear, under the Duke of Perth and Prince Charles himself, was inexplicably delayed—perhaps there was difficulty in beating up the men

—and when the van, under Lord George, came in touch with Cumberland's outposts, the dawn was breaking, and there was nothing for it but a precipitate return to camp at Culloden House. The men were exhausted and spiritless, and many of them dispersed in search of food and slumber, some to fall asleep in neighbouring cottages and receive their last awakening from an English bayonet. But Cumberland's full-fed warriors were advancing, and if Inverness and the coast were not to be abandoned, the Highland army must fight on a "dram" and a biscuit, or even on an empty stomach. Charles's back was "at the wa'."

At eleven o'clock on the forenoon of Wednesday, April 16—a chill day of driving northern showers—the English army was in sight, compact and orderly as on parade. The Highlanders were drawn up by O'Sullivan, the Quartermaster-General, in two lines, a long and a short one, on an open moorland plateau between the Culloden Parks and the river Nairn. In the first line

were the Old Guard of Highland Jacobitism (all but the Macphersons, who were absent in Badenoch), the Atholl men on the right, and, in order to the left, the Camerons, Appin Stewarts, Maclachlans, Frasers, Mackintoshes, Macleans, Macleods, Chisholms, and the Macdonalds of Clanranald, Keppoch, and Glengarry. The Macdonalds ought, by precedent, to have been on the right; but here the left, away from the hill line of retreat, was really the post of honour, and they do not seem to have made any protest. In the second line, flanked by the few Lowland and French horse, were the Gordons and the French Royal Scots and picquets. Lord Ogilvy's men formed a thin reserve behind the Prince, who was in the centre. At the last moment Lord George counselled a retreat on the hills to wait for Cluny, and the French ambassador threw himself at Charles's feet, imploring him not to give battle. But it was too late.

By one o'clock Cumberland had halted and dressed his troops a few hundred paces

to the east, and the English cannon was beginning to plough lanes in the Highland ranks. Charles had his face bespattered with dirt, and a servant who stood near him was killed. The Highlanders stood their useless punishment grimly, but after nearly an hour of it the Mackintoshes lost patience and darted forward without orders. They were followed, rather confusedly, by all the rest of the front line save the Macdonalds, who were too far out on the left to join in the charge. The Light Brigade at Balaclava had not a more dreadful road to cover than the cannon-swept and musketry-enfiladed six hundred paces along which the clansmen scattered their dead. In spite of Cumberland's instructions to his soldiers to disregard the targes and bayonet the Highlanders on their right front, the clansmen pierced and scattered his first line and came on against the second one, " which," says Home, "allowed them to come very near, and then gave them a terrible fire that brought a great many of them to the ground, and

made most of those that did not fall turn back. A few, and but a few, still pressed on, desperate and furious, to break into Sempill's regiment, which not a man of them ever did, the foremost falling at the end of the soldiers' bayonets."

Most of the chiefs, and almost every man in the front ranks, were killed in the charge; and Macdonald of Keppoch was wounded and then killed in the effort to bring up his men. The remains of the last Stuart army broke and fled, the wiser ones to the hills, the foolish ones towards Inverness, to be butchered at leisure by the dragoons, who understood the hint of Cumberland's lying notice that the Rebels were to have given them no quarter. The French stood fast for some time after the charge, but on Cumberland's advance began to move off sullenly to Inverness.

In the twenty minutes that the last battle on British soil lasted, Cumberland won the thanks of both Houses, a grant of £25,000, and a place in song as the "hero" of Han-

del's famous triumphal chorus. He dressed his ranks, amid enthusiastic shouts of "Now, Billy, for Flanders!" and proceeded to earn the title whose justice was unconsciously acknowledged in the re-naming of Tyburn Gate after him, and whose early currency is evidenced by the suggestion of a London alderman that the City freemanship to be bestowed upon him should be that of the Butchers.

Weeping, distracted, and, in the general confusion, almost disregarded, Charles made a half-conscious and almost unnoticed attempt to rally some of the Highlanders near him. He was taken charge of by the body of Lowland gentlemen who formed his Life Guards, and led rapidly by them up the Nairn valley to the Ford of Failie. No arrangements for retreat had been made before the battle, but after it was over a rendezvous at Ruthven was hurriedly fixed by Lord George. Urged, probably, by a mad suspicion of that general, Charles, with some of his Irish adherents, broke away from his Guards, and sent them word to seek their

own safety. Lord Elcho, who lingered near Charles, called him "a cowardly Italian——" something unknown to ears polite, and made off cursing. Charles seems to have sent a message to Lord George, asking for a rendezvous at Fort-Augustus. Lord George replied angrily, reproaching Charles for having forced the Rising without adequate French assistance. This decided Charles to make for the coast and fly to France. About two thousand clansmen assembled at Ruthven, but dispersed almost at once. The Highlands were left naked to the Butcher; the dreadful price of rebellion, in gibbetings, transportations, outlawries, and treacheries, was already being exacted, and the payment was to drag out over two years. The Iliad of the Rising was over, its brief Odyssey had begun.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH
HIGHLAND WANDERINGS

" On hills that are by right his ain,
He roams a lonely stranger ;
On ilka hand he's pressed by want,
On ilka side by danger.

. . . . .

" He row'd him in a Highland plaid,
Which covered him but sparely,
And slept beneath a bush o' broom—
Oh ! wae's me for Prince Charlie."

JOHN LYLE.

" She looked at a boat with the breezes that swung,
Away on the wave, like a bird on the main ;
And aye as it lessened she sighed and she sung,
' Fareweel to the lad I shall ne'er see again ! ' "

Flora Macdonald's Lament.

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND

CHAPTER THE FIFTH
HIGHLAND WANDERINGS
FROM GLENFINNAN TO CULLODEN

Charles himself is somewhat lost on the crowded and confused stage of active rebellion. With the dispersal of his army he emerges as the central figure of an afterpiece so strange and thrilling that there is nothing else in history, nothing even in legend, that can really be compared with it. The turn of the great Jacobite chiefs and nobles was over: now came the time of Charles's absolute reliance upon the lower gentry and the common people. In the black list of treachery only one Lowland name, that of Murray of Broughton, is to be set against the great Highland names of Lovat, Glengarry, Barrisdale, and James Mòr Macgregor. But the fealty of the humbler Highlanders far more than made up for the occasional defections of their chiefs. The flame of personal loyalty and honour, that greed, ambition, and foreign vices had begun to weaken in the hearts of the travelled aristocracy, still burned clear and bright in the bosoms of the poor primitive inhabit-

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ants of the Inverness-shire straths and the Western Isles. Charles's dependence, moreover, was no longer upon Highland Jacobitism, but upon the Highland people. That no Jacobite clansman betrayed him is perhaps not so very wonderful, since a dirk would have been the inevitable reward of such treachery. During the five months of his Highland wanderings, however,—hunted and hemmed in, on sea and land, by the eager sleuth-hounds of a rich Government that panic had roused from contemptuous sloth to ferocious efficiency,—Charles was time and again dependent for his life upon men and women in whose political record there was nothing to deter them from earning the thirty thousand pounds placed upon his head. But he was a Scottish Prince, the friend and guest of the Highlanders, and honour demanded that he should leave their country in safety. "Quantum cedat virtutibus aurum!" as Doctor Johnson wrote in Flora Macdonald's house at Kingsburgh. "With virtue weighed, what worthless trash

is gold!" There is no prouder page in the annals of any people than the story of those five months.

Nor let the faithful Irish be forgotten. Not one of them ever turned traitor. And it was an Irishman, at least by his name—Edward Burke, the Edinburgh chairman—who acted as guide to Charles and his little company when they turned their backs on Drumossie Muir. Coming up out of the Nairn valley, they crossed a stretch of rolling moorland, hurried past the village of Ruthven, the place appointed by Lord George for the new rally, and came down into Stratherrick, a long, narrow valley running parallel with Loch Ness and separated from it by a narrow but high range of hills. Half-way up Stratherrick lay Gortuleg, the mountain stronghold of Lord Lovat, whose chief seat was at Beaufort, on the Beauly. At Gortuleg the fugitives found Lord Lovat himself, in a state of half-senile distraction, running about the house crying, "Chop off my head! Chop off my head!" The exclamation was only too

truly prophetic; after a few weeks of skulking about the west coast in hope of a rescue by a French ship, the wretched old man was found by English sailors in a hollow tree on an island in Loch Morar, and dragged off to face the execration of the London mob, the cruel baiting of Crown lawyers, and a death that was almost merciful in comparison with the moral torture that had preceded it. A Highland lady has described the weird scene she witnessed as a juvenile and almost unregarded guest at Gortuleg, on the afternoon of Charles's arrival: the lonely green strath, dim in the ghostly light of a dull April evening, covered suddenly with a confused crowd of armed men and dishevelled women, who seemed as if they had sprung, like fairies, out of the ground, and who ran to and fro and filled the glen with the dismal echoes of their curses and wailings.

Clearly, there was no safety or comfort to be looked for here, and Charles and his companions pushed on through the night

LOCHABER NO MORE
By J. B. Macdonald, R.S.A.

to Invergarry, where they breakfasted on two salmon found by Burke in a fishing net at the river mouth. Then they made west, and skulked about in Arisaig for four days, during which Charles discarded his semi-French finery for a suit of ordinary Highland clothes. At Borrodale, where he had first landed, he was met by a gallant crofter, Donald Macleod of Gualtergill, who had been sent by Banker Æneas Macdonald as a guide to the coast. A flight to the outer isles was resolved upon. It was a foolish move as things turned out, for only a few days later two French ships arrived at Borrodale with the ill-fated treasure, and took off in safety the Duke of Perth (who died on board), Lord John Drummond, Lord Elcho, Charles's tutor, Sheridan, and several other leaders. But Charles was panic-stricken; farthest from Cumberland and Lord George seemed best. And so, on the evening of April 26, the Prince, Captain O'Sullivan, Captain O'Neill, a young Catholic priest named Allan Macdonald, and Edward Burke embarked,

with Donald Macleod as pilot, in an eight-oared boat manned by some trusty clansmen. Among the rowers was Donald Macleod's son, a lad of sixteen, who had played truant from Inverness Grammar-school to join the fight at Culloden. Before leaving, Charles dispatched a letter to his soldiers, thanking them for their services and bidding them farewell.

The night was stormy, and at the mouth of Lochnanuagh the wind and the tides made so heavy a sea that the Prince, who sat in the bottom of the boat between Donald's feet, asked to be put on shore. But Donald declined to alter the boat's course, and, after a miserable night of fear and, no doubt, of sea-sickness, the grey misty morning revealed the bleak hills of Benbecula above the tossing waves. The boat was run into a bay at Rossinish, and the soaked and shivering company lit a fire and dried their clothes in an uninhabited hut near the beach. A vagrant cow was seized and killed, and on the strength of her meat they spent two days

and two nights at Rossinish, and sailed on the afternoon of the third day to the island of Scalpa, at the mouth of Loch Tarbert in Harris, where they were entertained by a farmer-friend of Donald's, while Donald himself went to Stornoway to get a sailing-boat. On the night of May 4, the Prince, O'Sullivan, and O'Neill walked nearly forty miles over hills and bogs, amid drenching rain, to within sight of Stornoway. Donald met them, and took them to the house of Mrs. Mackenzie of Kildun, who was friendly though of a Hanoverian clan. His news was bad: he had found the Stornoway Mackenzies up in arms, owing to the report of a Presbyterian preacher in South Uist that the Prince had landed with 500 men. The officious clergyman was the Rev. John MacAulay, from whom his grandson, Lord Macaulay, seems to have inherited his passionate Whiggism. Donald, however, had not been daunted; he had appealed to Highland honour by telling the Stornoway men the truth about Charles, and had added that "if Seaforth

himself" (the Hanoverian chief of the Mackenzies) "were here, by God, he durst not put a hand on the Prince's breast." And so the wanderers sailed unmolested to a desert island, Euirn, off the east coast of Lewis. There they spent some days in a roofless hut, sleeping on the bare ground, and living on dried fish and cold brandy-punch. Then they sailed back to Scalpa, but found Donald's friend gone, and took to sea again, with nothing to stay their stomachs but dramach, a mixture of meal and salt water, of which the hardy Prince ate heartily. The sight of English warships drove them in a panic on to a desert island, where they lay hid for three days. The coast, scoured and searched in every cranny by seven Government ships, was no longer tenable, and on May 14 Charles took to the mountains of Coradale in South Uist.

Charles was now in a regular trap, and it seemed as if nothing could save him. And nothing did save him but the simple trueheartedness of the poor crofters and shep-

herds and fishermen of South Uist. They were perfectly aware of the identity and movements of the "yellow-haired laddie" as they called him among themselves, but they consistently misled the militia parties which patrolled almost within sight of the "Forest House," the mountain hut where the Prince lay hid. They "passed the time of day" with his followers, indeed, and conveyed him provisions. In westerly gales, when earth and sky were enveloped in driving, steam-like mist that broke only to give fleeting glimpses of grey dripping rocks, it must have been very dreary in that smoky turf sheiling, amid the moaning and howling of the incessant blast. Charles, however, did not suffer in health or spirits, and the nervous ennui of his three weeks' imprisonment was relieved by cooking, card-playing, smoking, and the perusal of fantastic accounts of his own adventures in the Edinburgh and Glasgow journals conveyed to him by Macdonald of Baileshear. And when things were very dull, he would (according to

one of his Highland companions) "step into a by-chamber, which served as a pantry, and put the bottle of brandy or whiskie to his head, and take his dram without any ceremony." His private practice in this national pastime enabled him to shine conspicuously on one occasion, when a party of young Macdonald gentlemen came "to pay him the compliments of the day." "Their drink was only cold brandy out of a clean shell, without any mixture at all, and the Prince stood it out better than any of them in drinking the health of the day"; indeed, when Boisdale called next morning he found all the Macdonalds lying sick in bed, and the Prince going round covering them up with plaids.

By the first week of June things had become desperate. Donald Macleod, who had been sent to Murray of Broughton on the mainland for a share of the Loch Arkaig money, returned with two ankers of brandy but no money, and the penniless Prince was compelled to dismiss Donald and the

boatmen. The Macdonalds, both Hanoverian and Jacobite, who had been secretly directing his movements since the retreat to Stornoway, held a conference at Clanranald's seat at Ormiclade, in South Uist, and the Prince and O'Neill had a meeting there with Lady Clanranald on June 10. It was as a result of this meeting that, after another fortnight of skulking about on moors and beaches, often within hearing of militia and English sailors, the Prince was introduced to his most famous preserver, Flora Macdonald.

Flora—in Gaelic, Fionnghal, "the fair one"—was two years younger than Charles, and was the only daughter of Ranald Macdonald of Milton, who, though only a small tacksman, was a cadet of the Clanranald family. Her father died when she was two years old, and her mother married Hugh Macdonald of Armadale in Skye; and the girl was practically adopted by Lady Clanranald. As a child, and throughout life, she was a strange blend of dutifulness and

dreaminess, of common sense and romance. She would stand for hours watching the Atlantic rollers on the west coast of Uist; but she "plied her book" and won local fame as a player on the spinet and a reciter of long Gaelic poems. She was a great favourite with the small farmers, and acted as a sympathetic link between them and the gentry. At seventeen she was taken up by Lady Margaret Macdonald of Sleat and sent by her for three sessions to a fashionable ladies'-school in Edinburgh, finishing up with a visit to Lady Macdonald's natal abode of Eglinton Castle, where she distinguished herself as a singer of Gaelic songs. She was in Edinburgh with Lady Macdonald when the '45 broke out, and returned with her to Skye, and went on to her brother's house at Milton in South Uist. Womanlike, she shared the Hanoverian sympathies of her patrons, but had a romantic sympathy with Prince Charles. Her position as stepdaughter of a captain of militia made her useful, and Lady Clanranald persuaded her to help

A FUGITIVE ENTERTAINED
By G. Figgins Reid, A.S.A.

in the Prince's escape. And thus it came that, in the pale northern glimmer of a June midnight, on a lonely plain between the silent Hebridean hills and the whispering ocean, Charles met the modest Highland girl whose name is brightest in Jacobite romance. Probably she seemed to him, that night, as beautiful as she appears in Allan Ramsay's picture. A daylight scrutiny would most likely reveal the comely, natural-looking woman, who looks out at us from the Glasgow portrait painted by Robertson in 1750. She was small in stature, with a full but very neat figure, clad in a close-fitting bodice of Macdonald tartan. Her wavy hair was of the same hue as the Prince's, but darker; her complexion a healthy reddish brown, her cheeks round and full, and her nose rather long and of indeterminate shape; her best features were her pretty and kindly mouth, with its short upper lip, and her dark brown eyes, not specially large, but well open, and with a wonderful expression of affectionate ingenuousness and steady

thoughtfulness. Though she was distinctly Highland in appearance, one can easily make oneself believe that she rather resembled Charles himself.

The Prince and Flora parted. A few days later, along with her brother and Lady Clanranald, she visited him in his hill retreat, where she found him cooking a bullock's heart and liver on a wooden spit. She brought with her a pass from her stepfather for herself, a man-servant, and a maid-servant named Betty Burke, who was recommended to the good-wife at Armadale as a "good spinster." The man-servant was Neil MacEachain, or Macdonald, a tutor in the Clanranald family, who had been educated for the priesthood and could speak French. The Prince, arrayed in a calico gown, a light-coloured petticoat, and a brown Irish mantle with a large hood, became "Betty Burke." An alarm of militia dispersed all of the company but the three covered by the pass, and after an anxious night among the heather, the Prince and his two compan-

ions on the evening of June 28, ventured out from South Uist in a small sail-boat manned by Clanranald boatmen. The Little Minch was stormy, but the Prince was in high spirits and sang several songs, and when darkness fell he wrapped Flora up and watched over her while she slept.

> "'Speed, bonny boat, like a bird on the wing,
> Onward!' the sailors cry;
> 'Carry the lad that's born to be King,
> Over the sea to Skye.'"

But the wind that wafted the Stuart fortunes bore also the seeds of later history. The cheerful and modest Neil was destined to serve in the French army and to become, by a French wife, the father of Marshal Macdonald, Duke of Tarentum; and a marshal of the Second Empire, Canrobert, was to marry a great-granddaughter of Flora Macdonald, Zeila Flora Macdonald, one of the guests at the "Dinner of the Twenty Beauties" given by the Empress Eugénie to Napoleon III.

Next day, at the north-west point of Skye, the boat was shot at by militia and chased

half-way across Loch Snizort. A landing was effected near Monkstadt, Sir Alexander Macdonald's seat, and Flora hurried to Lady Macdonald to get the militia officers thrown off the scent, and to have arrangements made for Charles's convoy through Skye. Late in the evening, Macdonald of Kingsburgh, Sir Alexander's factor, was sent to meet Charles and guide him to his house, whither Flora had gone on to rouse Mrs. Macdonald. On the way, "Betty" aroused the wonderment of some strangers by her liberal display of limb in fording a stream. When the mistress of Kingsburgh learned the identity of the "odd muckle trallup of a carlin" who had come into her kitchen, she exclaimed, "O Lord, we will a' be hanged noo!" "Hout, guid wife," said her brave old husband, "if we are hanged for this, I am sure we die in a good cause." The good lady found a new cause of fear in her own behaviour at table. But the Prince soon put her at her ease. After a hearty supper of eggs, collops, and beer, he helped himself liberally to brandy,

lit the new clay pipe Kingsburgh gave him in place of a patched contrivance made of a bird's shank, and settled down to "make a night of it." At two in the morning the punch-bowl was broken in a semi-jocular dispute between host and guest, and Charles was led off to bed. Next morning, Flora, at the request of Mrs. Macdonald, went blushing into his bedroom, and, while he laid his head in her lap and put his arms round her waist, cut out a lock of his hair. This was a dangerous approach to sentiment where a Stuart was concerned—but the episode lasted only a few minutes, and Mrs. Macdonald was at the door. In another hour Charles, in Highland dress, was on his way to Portree. There, in an inn, he gave Flora a parting kiss and expressed the hope that they would "meet in St. James's yet." Flora, like nearly everyone else who had befriended the Prince, was taken prisoner a few days after leaving him. She was conveyed to London, and subjected to a nominal imprisonment, during which she was fêted by the nobility and visit-

ed by Frederick, Prince of Wales, whom she told she would have done as much for him as for Charles. She could have made a brilliant marriage, but she returned to Skye and gave her hand to the man who had won her heart, her handsome cousin, Allan Macdonald, Kingsburgh's son—described by Boswell as "completely the figure of a gallant Highlander"—who soon after succeeded to his father's farm. The year after Johnson's visit Allan and Flora migrated to North Carolina, where Allan became a brigadier of Loyalist troops and was taken prisoner. On his liberation he rejoined his wife at Kingsburgh. Of their five sons three became army officers and two naval officers (the latter went down with the *Ville de Paris* in 1782), and both daughters married officers. Flora died in 1790, and a few years later her husband was laid beside her in the churchyard of Kilmuir. The procession at her funeral marched sixteen miles and was over a mile in length ; three hundred gallons of whisky were served out to the company, and the coronach was played

by the dozen best pipers in the world, Maccrimmons and Macarthurs from the Skye colleges. She was buried in the sheets in which Prince Charles had slept in 1746 and which only one other person, the most illustrious of English Tories, had ever used. No loyalty could have been more disinterested than hers ; there is nothing to show that after their parting the Prince ever so much as remembered her name.

Not less disinterested was the loyalty of the Macleods of Raasay and the Mackinnons of Skye, who conveyed Charles from shelter to shelter and, running the gauntlet of militia troops, landed him safely among the mainland Macdonalds and Camerons. But his plight here was even worse than in Uist. Six warships and a continuous chain of militia posts formed a close cordon round the district between Loch Eil and Loch Hourn. For more than a fortnight the Prince and his companions, hunted men like himself dodged and doubled along the mountain-tops, sleeping out in all weathers, sometimes

in drenching rain at 3000 feet above the sea, or in woods within hearing of the troops round the outpost fires. They slipped north through the cordon, and the Prince was consigned to the care of some trusty outlaws known to history as the Seven Men of Glenmoriston, who conveyed him within reach of Poolewe, whence news came that the expected French ships had come and gone. He doubled south again, got in touch with Lochiel, and, after an escape so narrow that his party had got ready to die with arms in their hands, was, on August 27, taken to the Ben Alder sheiling where Lochiel lay nursing his wounded ankles. Two days later came a welcome visitor, Cluny Macpherson, who took Charles to his famous cave, a quaint two-storey dwelling of branches, stones, and brushwood, high up on the rock-face of a precipitous shoulder of Ben Alder. Here, almost amid the clouds, and with a magnificent panorama of wild mountains and lochs below and before them, the Prince and his Macpherson hosts made great cheer for a fortnight, drink-

FLORA MACDONALD

ing, gambling, story-telling, quarrelling (no doubt), and devising dishes for dinner—for Cluny was something of an epicure, and his table in the wilderness was well furnished by his devoted clansmen. The Government posts were being withdrawn, and Charles was in high spirits at the prospect of safety. On September 13 came news of French ships, and after a safe and almost leisurely journey, varied by sport and feasting, Charles embarked with Lochiel on the French privateer *L'Heureux*, almost at the same spot where he had first landed. On September 20, he bade his last farewell to the Highland hills, and nine days later landed safely at Roscoff in Brittany. He was met by his brother Henry and by several noblemen, and conducted in state to Versailles, where the King in person congratulated him on the heroic qualities he had displayed in his misfortunes, and expressed the hope that he would one day receive the reward of such remarkable merit. His appearance was equal to the occasion. His bronzed countenance

and hardened, soldierly figure were set off by a rose-coloured velvet coat embroidered with silver, a waistcoat of rich gold brocade with a spangled fringe, diamonded cockade and shoe-buckles, and the orders of St. George and St. Andrew in "prodigiously large brilliants." "In short," says our informant, "he glittered all over like the star which they tell you appeared at his nativity." Alas! it was the final flicker of a fallen star.

CHAPTER SIXTH
OF A VAGRANT PRINCE

" What can a bird do that has not found a right nest? He must flit from bough to bough. Ainsi font les Irondels." —PRINCE CHARLES.

" Now a' is done that men can do,
And a' is done in vain ;
My love and native land fareweel,
For I maun cross the main, my dear,
For I maun cross the main."—BURNS.

CHAPTER SIXTH
OF A VAGRANT PRINCE

WHEN CHARLES LANDED IN FRANce, a beaten man, he was still in his twenty-sixth year, and he had not completed much more than a third of the span of normally healthful life that fate had allotted him. But he had been wrecked on the flood-tide of his affairs, and the rest of his voyage was to be bound in shallows and in miseries, amid which his soul could neither find anchorage nor lie peacefully stranded.

> " I've seen Tweed's silver stream,
> Shining in the sunny beam,
> Grow drumly and dark before the mid-day."

And the shallow and turbid stream of the poor Prince's life was to fret and wind beneath low-sweeping and storm-driven clouds that were to open only, and mercifully, to a brief pale sunset from over the ocean of death. History contains no record of any other career in which life bore such a small proportion to mere existence. But the circumstances, both personal and external, of which Charles was the victim, are unique in history.

For the first two years after his arrival in France, Charles kept up a semi-royal state in Paris on French allowances and occasional remittances out of the Loch Arkaig treasure. He made public appearances with his brother at the opera, hob-nobbed with ministers and ambassadors, and repaid the hospitality of Paris by entertaining its nobles and *literati* to dinners served on new silver plate marked with the Royal arms of Britain. He was still a possible pawn of France, and he nearly succeeded in obtaining a private interview with King Louis in order to lay before him the scheme of sending over 20,000 French troops to Britain—though Charles would probably have spoiled his chances by insisting, as he did throughout, on a direct invasion of London. He had had enough of Scottish invasions; it was *tout ou rien* with him now. And the French Government, for their part, had had enough of English Jacobites, and would not risk their troops at the centre of Hanoverian rule. The Jacobite camp, too, was breaking up.

Charles's cynical dallyings with Anglicanism alienated his father, who declared that Charles had been "a continual heartbreak"; Henry's acceptance of a Cardinal's hat was regarded by Charles as an abandonment of the Cause; and the Jacobite exiles, Lochiel, Lord George and the rest, were disgusted at Charles's violent suspiciousness. The scattered embers of the Rebellion were blown to the four winds by the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, by which France bound herself to disown and banish Charles. Within a few years Lochgarry, young Lovat, and several other Highland Jacobites were to become English officers and to replace most of their crofter tenantry by a few Lowland sheep-farmers. The Rebellion had lost the Highlands barely a thousand men; the great law of supply and demand, as expressed by eviction and emigration, was to lose them tens of thousands, and to prove a more effectual disarming agent than a dozen Cumberlands. The remains of the French £30,000 which still lay hidden in the woods about Loch Arkaig

(some of it so well hidden that it has probably never yet been discovered) were the occasion of the obscure plotting that culminated in Elibank's wild scheme to kidnap the English Royal family. The scheme was disclosed seriatim by one of its chief originators, the English Government's great agent-provocateur, young Glengarry, alias Pickle, in unmasking whom Mr. Lang has shed long-delayed light upon the reasons for the otherwise inexplicable execution of Dr. Archibald Cameron in 1753, and also upon the Government's reasons for keeping these reasons to themselves. With the death of the worthy brother of the good Lochiel—the pious, good, gallant, and accomplished "Dr. Archy," whose last moments and writings rank him with Sir Thomas More and the "Great Marquis," and who died ignorant of his real betrayer—Scottish Jacobitism evaporates from politics and becomes a sunset cloud of national romance. The Cause was dead on earth; its etherealised spirit had already begun to stir the chords of haunting and imperishable song.

Like all people in whom a natural obstinacy is not supported by a strong character or tempered by education, Charles had a pathetic belief in the value of attitudes. When his French friends began to cold-shoulder him, he assumed the pose of an eighteenth-century superman, a *tête de fer* as he called himself, and threw on paper some crude notions which he called the *Mémoires d'un Ome Sauvage*. It was in this capacity, as a would-be avatar of his namesake and favourite hero, Charles XII. of Sweden, that he chose to disregard the courteous hints of the French Government, and also the monitions of his father, concerning the clauses referring to him in the Aix-la-Chapelle treaty. The result was his humiliating arrest at the Paris Opera-House on December 10, 1748. He was bound hand and foot and conveyed to the fortress of Vincennes, and then, as an exile, to the Papal city of Avignon. A pair of compasses found on him could be explained only by the beginnings of a deep though never expressed regret that he had not flung

himself on the English bayonets at Culloden. But there was method in his madness; he saw that the object of the British Government was to drive him into Rome and identify him for good with the policy most hated in Britain. And from February 28, 1749, when he rode out of Avignon, until after his father's death in 1766, he managed to defeat this object by wandering incognito about the borders of France, Flanders, Germany, and Switzerland. For the better part of three years he lay concealed in the Convent of St. Joseph, a sort of French Hampton Court in the Faubourg St. Germain, where he amused himself by reading, among other books, *un ouvrage de Mr. Filding's qui s'apel 'Joseph Andrews,'* and by listening from behind a partition to the conversation of philosophers and blue-stockings. One of his three protectresses there was a beautiful and virtuous young lady, Mademoiselle Ferrand, who won the praises of Condillac by her philosophical accomplishments, and who more than earned her title of the French

Flora Macdonald by doing Charles's marketing, guiding his studies, conveying his correspondence, and remaining his loyal friend till her death in 1752. Another was Charles's cousin on the Sobieski side, Marie Jablonowski, titular wife of the Prince de Talmond. She was also a cousin of the Queen of France. She had flung herself at Charles's head in 1748, and she remained his mistress for about four years. About forty years of age, striking rather than handsome, a brilliant talker, but flighty and inordinately vain—a true fashionable Bohemian and young man's mistress—she found, when her capricious passion was sated, little that was congenial in the morose and rather unidea'd *tête de fer*, and she parted from him in disgust before her place was taken. Charles never ceased to care for her; she was the only woman to whom he remained a faithful friend and correspondent, and he visited her in 1771 when he came to Paris in search of a wife. He must have found her then, as Horace Walpole had found her, in "charitable chambers," a slat-

ternly *dévote*, living amid cats and dirt and pictures of saints and Sobieskis. Charles's quarrels with her during their *liaison* were varied by his mysterious trip to London in 1750. In a sudden spasm of energy, the result of severe ennui, he arranged off-hand for the resignation of his father, and without letting any of his Highland friends know, sailed from Antwerp on September 12. He arrived in London on the 16th. Of the six days he spent there, nothing is known save that he took tea with Dr. King of Oxford and became a member of the Church of England, appeared, like Banquo's ghost, at a cosy little Jacobite dinner-party at Lady Primrose's, prowled about the Tower like a country cousin, remarking "how easily it might be taken," and compromised a jeweller by having a medal struck. The visit was insanely objectless, and had Glengarry or Barrisdale been about, there would have been real danger. As it was, Charles had been safely back in Paris for three weeks when the British Government was apprised of his visit

by their high-minded ambassador at Berlin, Hanbury Williams, who had already tried to have Charles kidnapped—that is, murdered—by bravos at Venice, and who a year later was to propose that Field-Marshal Keith's mistress should be secretly tortured into revealing Charles' whereabouts. This was immediately after Charles's visit to the court of Frederick. It was probably his failure there that turned his eyes to the "black-eyed maid" whose health he had drunk at the "feast of shells" in the Outer Hebrides.

Clementina Walkinshaw was the youngest of the ten daughters of John Walkinshaw, who came of a family that had been settled for centuries on the Renfrewshire estate from which they took their name. Following a west-country custom, a younger son had gone into trade in Glasgow, and he had made enough by 1689 to buy the estates of Camlachie and Barrowfield, now sordid districts in Glasgow's east end. His son, John's father—who married a daughter of the great Presbyterian leader, Principal

Baillie—was also both merchant and laird. But with John the cadet branch of the Walkinshaws returned from the muddy but auriferous stream of trade into pristine landlordism, and, to wash off the Saltmarket stains more thoroughly, John married a daughter of the Jacobite and Catholic laird of Bannockburn, and was "out" in the '15. His youngest daughter is said to have been born in 1726, and brought up in Italy; she was named after the royal lady in whose escape from Innsbruck her father had assisted Wogan. Her later youth was spent mostly in the house at Camlachie which her father built in 1720, and which still stands, grim and frowsy, amid the soot-storms of Gallowgate. Charles first met her in her uncle's house at Bannockburn after the battle of Falkirk. His infatuation for her is not explained by the short, flat, almost vulgar face, of the Mongoloid cast often associated with a very dark complexion in Scotland, that appears in some of her portraits. Of charm and intellect she seems to have been

quite devoid: she is the most commonplace figure in the Jacobite group. Perhaps her bonny black eyes were his ruin, or her tall buxom figure; or he may have loved the dear lassie because she loved him. Anyhow, in fulfilment of a romantic pledge of some sort given him in Scotland in 1746, she joined him at Paris in 1752 and became his mistress. In the following year she bore him a daughter, Charlotte; and there are vague rumours of a subsequent male child which died in infancy. For seven years the pair wandered about France, Flanders, and Switzerland under various English names, Johnson, Thompson, and so forth: during their journeys Charles occasionally gratified his childish love of disguises by blackening his hair and eyebrows and donning a false nose. The *liaison* alienated his last British adherents. Clementina, because a sister of hers was housekeeper to the Dowager-Princess of Wales, was suspected of being a spy. The suspicion is supported neither by probability nor evidence. But Charles was entreat-

ed to discard her. He refused indignantly. But when he was toying with Anglicanism he was ready to discard her because she was a Papist, and he was so jealous of her that he barricaded her bed with furniture hung with bells.

The gallant Prince who in his Highland wanderings, according to MacEachain, "was so hearty and merry that he danced for a whole hour together, having no other music but some Highland reel which he whistled away as he tripped along," had degenerated into a spleenful, shabby, drunken, ill-conditioned vagabond. No tinker's trollop was ever worse treated than Clementina. Charles beat her freely, and their squalid *ménage* became an outrage to decency. In sheer self-defence the poor woman resorted to Charles's anodyne of "the nasty bottle," as Cardinal York called it, and there are stories of tavern squabbles in which the Prince and the Lady exchanged all the compliments of the Parisian gutter. At last James, the Cardinal, and the French King

CLEMENTINA WALKINSHAW

intervened; and in 1760, Clementina, henceforth known as the Countess d'Albertroff, retired with her daughter to a convent at Meaux. Part of the pension allowed her by James was continued after his death by the Cardinal on her signing a declaration that she had never been married to Charles. Of her last days nothing is known save that she followed her godmother's steps cloisterwards and died at Freiburg in 1802, at the age of seventy-six.

An interlude of six years follows, during which Charles wandered about, shabby and half-crazy; flouting France's offers of employment in her army, yet adhering with dull obstinacy to his "system" of not being driven into Rome; and sinking so low that the Jacobites contemplated transferring their allegiance to the next *de jure* heir, the King of Sardinia, and that even in Scotland only Bishop Forbes and the Oliphants of Gask remained faithful to his memory.

The "system" broke down at the end of 1765, on the news of James's mortal illness.

Charles left Paris for Rome, and was met half-way by the news of the death of the father from whom he had been absent and estranged for sixteen years. We can only conjecture any feeling of remorse. Henry failed to get Charles acknowledged as King by the Pope, and Charles wandered mostly about Tuscany and Naples. With the loss of his secretary and some other gentlemen, who refused to accompany him in his carriage when he was drunk, he was left with only two "subjects," a nonjuring clergyman and a servant. But he was no penniless wanderer now: henceforth, with the papal pension and the interest on James's savings, both resigned to him by the good Henry, he was seldom to have much less than £4000 a year of clear income. He took to shooting again, and practised the French horn. In spite of his bloated face and a bad stoop, he was described by an English lady as having "a noble person and a graceful manner." The rake's refuge suggested itself, and France hinted at the desirability of a legiti-

mate heir. Colonel Ryan, acting for Charles as his compatriot Colonel Wogan had acted for James, reported favourably on the charms and disposition of Louise Maximilienne Caroline Emanuele, second daughter of a noble pensioner of the Austrian Empress, the widowed Princess Stolberg. The lady's blood was of the deepest and clearest blue: the Stolbergs were an ancient Flemish house of the Roman Empire, allied with the houses of Lorraine and Hohenzollern; and Louise's mother was a Countess of Horn in her own right, and a granddaughter of the Earl of Elgin and Aylesbury, a Bruce and a staunch follower of James II. The match was arranged by Charles's left-hand cousin, the Duke of Fitz James, whose eldest son, Marquis of Jamaica and Duke of Berwick, was already married or affianced to Louise's younger sister, Caroline. On Good Friday, 1772, in the Chapel of the Compagnoni-Marefoscati at Macarata, on the borders of Ancona, the last Stuart marriage took place. The bridegroom signed his name in the re-

gister as Charles III., King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland. He had entered the list of royal poets by composing the posy for the wedding-ring:

> "This Crown is due to you by me,
> And none can love you more than me."

Louise, according to one of her numerous admirers, "was of a middle height, fair, with dark blue eyes, a slightly turned-up nose, and a dazzling white English complexion"; and her teeth would have graced the front row of an English musical comedy. But her beauty resided mainly in her expression, which 'was gay and *espiègle*, and not without a touch of irony, on the whole more French than German.' Though she was twenty and her husband fifty-two, she had looked forward to the marriage with more than the usual eagerness of a convent-trained girl. She revelled in the idea of being a queen, though only a mock one. Her first set-back, only a few weeks after her marriage, was the refusal of Pope Clement XIV. to allow any persons styling themselves King Charles and

Queen Louise to live under his jurisdiction. They removed to Florence. There, though the Duke at first ignored them, Louise's social accomplishments won a certain half-amused tolerance for the Royal Stuart plate and liveries in the Palazzo San Clemente. But as the hope of an heir receded, their married life became unrelievedly wretched.

Charles was genuinely in love with his young wife, and at first he honestly did his best to reform his habits and win her affection. Unfortunately, there was no affection to win. Louise had the cold, shallow, essentially unmoral nature of the born *salonniste*, incapable of true sympathy and compassion; and though she had a wary eye to her own reputation, she had no bourgeois ideals of wifely devotion. Her mental receptiveness was amazing; she kept herself up to date in the literature of four nations, and read Kant before he had been heard of out of Germany. Poor Charles, the faded hero of Highland romance, must have felt himself a dismal anachronism beside this gay

young blue-stocking, type of the new Parisian intellectualism, who at first laughed, and then yawned openly, at his long stories of his Highland adventures, stories to which a forgotten lady, singing at her wheel in a far-off, misty island, would have listened with bated breath and tear-dimmed eyes.

Giving up the attempt to woo his wife, Charles began to repay her supercilious coldness with petty tyrannies, shutting up all passages to her bedroom save the one from his own, and insisting on her going out with him at daybreak or in the noon heat of summer days. She retorted with letters of protest containing mocking reference to his *beaux yeux* and his "face radiant with glory." The flask of Rhenish and the bottle of brandy became his only councillors, and even the opera-house resounded with the drunken snores of the dyspeptic dipsomaniac. From abuse of his wife he proceeded to menaces. At last, towards the end of the eighth year of their marriage, his offences culminated in a drunken "scene" of disgraceful vio-

lence. Charles had been celebrating the Scottish national festival of St. Andrew's Day with a few boon companions, who had no doubt reminded him that he was "yet a King." In a delirium of spleen and pride and drunken jealousy, he rushed into his wife's room, gave her a serenade of all the foulest terms of three languages, and finally dragged her out of bed and attempted to strangle her. We can imagine the expression of cold and contemptuous terror with which Louise must have faced him. She was rescued by her attendants, and within the next few days she escaped to a convent and placed herself under the protection of the Pope.

Louise's escape had been contrived by the man who had been the occasion of her chastisement—the patrician republican and priggish libertine, the solemnly freakish and never quite sane genius, Count Victor Alfieri, who three years before had determined to improve his mind by a *liaison* with the Countess of Albany. The rather dreary story of their loves has been elaborately

recounted by the picturesque if somewhat partial pen of Vernon Lee. Suffice it to say that the proud and gallant Alfieri, who had wheedled the Pope into allowing him to visit Louise at Rome, and who had sent a challenge to the invalid Charles for calling him a seducer, was made happy at least as early as 1784, when a legal separation (effected, of course, by the good angel Henry) permitted his Egeria to enter into open relations with him. For their sin they did ample penance, he in suffering the *salon* chatter of a nation he detested more than did Charles, she in sitting out his dismal moods and his dismal plays, which she cannot have found much more inspiring than the sprees and long stories of her despised husband. But they were wise enough never to marry. Three years after Charles's death Louise was presented at the British court by her cousin, the Countess of Aylesbury, and, though ignored by the Queen and Princesses, was a guest at several State functions. Though "happiness had disappeared out of the world" for her at

FLORA MACDONALD
By Tom Robinson

her lover's death-bed in 1803, the indefatigable *salonniste*, who in her later years looked "like one of Rubens's women grown old," lived cheerfully on in Florence, the friend of Sismondi, Courier, Lamartine, and Moore, and the enemy of Napoleon, until her death in 1824.

The elopement of his wife reminded the lonely and forlorn Charles of the existence of his only child, who for the most of twenty years had been living with her mother in a French convent. In 1772, the year of his marriage, she had written to her "auguste papa" entreating him to give her recognition, and he had offered to receive her into his household if she deserted her mother: she had refused; mother and daughter had come to Rome, and been denied access to Charles and ordered to leave the city; and to Charlotte's threat, that she would marry any one who would take her, Charles had replied that if she did so he would cast her off. And now Charles in his affliction made desperate appeal to a natural affection he

had done his best to destroy. And the appeal was not in vain. Charlotte came to Rome, and Charles legitimated her as Duchess of Albany, made her his heiress, and gave her charge of his household. Charlotte at thirty was a big, buxom, good-natured creature, full of gaiety, but "too like her father to be handsome." She bore him no rancour for his long neglect, and set herself resolutely to the task of cheering him up and making him a reformed character. He had long ago ceased dallying with Protestantism, and his brother and daughter persuaded him to abandon his Royal pretensions and settle in Rome. The old Palazzo Muti brightened up wonderfully under the influence of its bouncing and kindly mistress; and Charles, when he ceased to pose as a king, came to look more and more like one. His eyes and complexion cleared, he learned to smile again, and a dignified calm began to firm up the flabby cheeks and the loosely pendent lips. The crepuscular "light of other days" stole into his dark-

ened mind: like James Mòr Macgregor, he sought sentimental consolation in the bagpipes; and a certain well-known story shows that he felt salutary remorse for the sufferings he had occasioned his Scottish adherents. But these, as well as his dropsy and threatened apoplexy, were signs that he was "aweary of the sun." On January 31, 1788, he passed peacefully away in the arms of his faithful and affectionate daughter. The bright and big-hearted Duchess of Albany did not live long to enjoy the peace and happiness she had so well earned. She had a fall from her horse in 1789, and died suddenly after a few weeks' suffering.

The sole representative of the Royal Stuarts was now the worthy and venerated Cardinal York. It is not known whether he ever really assumed the title of Henry IX., but it is found on contemporary medals, with the qualification, "Gratia Dei sed non Voluntate Hominum." Besides his Cardinalate, he had many ecclesiastical honours, being Bishop of Ostia, Velletro, Fras-

cati, and Tusculum, Vice-Chancellor of the Roman Church, Arch-Priest of the Basilica of the Vatican, and Prefect of the Fabric of St. Peter's ; and had he been ambitious, he could easily have been Pope. But he was to have his share of the misfortunes of his house. At the French invasion of 1798 his benefices were laid waste, and he had to fly to Venice and pawn his plate for the necessaries of life ; his family jewels, all save the Crown ones, had been sacrificed to assist the Pope to pay the French tribute. His plight was communicated privately to the kindly "Farmer George," who granted him a life-pension of £4000. In gratitude for this, and as a sign of final acquiescence in the doom of destiny, the Cardinal on his death in 1807 bequeathed to George IV., Prince of Wales, the Crown Jewels which James II. had carried with him to France in 1688. The Cardinal lies buried beside his father and brother in the crypt of St. Peter's, directly under the dome, and the three last of the Royal Stuarts are commemorated by Canova's magnificent monument in the church itself.

Its very elementalness makes Charles's character exceedingly hard to define, and one is almost justified in evading a judgment on it by saying, as Pope said of "most women," that he had "no character at all." There is no discoverable mean between his generosity to some of his adherents and his abominable treatment of others, between the bravery he displayed throughout his campaign and the pusillanimity of his flight to the Hebrides, between the affectionate eulogies of him by Cluny and Dr. Cameron and the Earl Marischal's description of his life as "one continued scene of falsehood, ingratitude, and villainy." From the ruling vice of princes he was singularly free; perhaps if he had had more of it he might have been less unhappy in his relations with women. In almost every other respect he was the victim of abnormal and adventitious circumstances. Like Hamlet, he was confronted with a destiny too big for him; but unlike Hamlet, who was in the hands of Shakespeare, he was left to lag superfluous on the

stage and weary out an audience whom his death at a dramatic moment would have moved to tears. His last exit from the scene caused no flutter in the courts and cabinets of Europe. But the news stirred many a Scottish heart, and the thrill with which it ran through the Highlands found expression in the beautiful Gaelic "Lament for Prince Charlie" ("Marvh-rann do Phrionns Tearlach"), written by a Ross-shire schoolmaster on the day he heard of Charles's death. It is to Scotland that all that is best worth remembering in Charles's career belongs: she forgets the Charles Edward Stuart of Paris and Florence, in the Prince Charlie, "Tearlach Righ nan Gael," on whom her romantic loyalty and her last national hopes were centred. "L'Écosse ne peut pas te juger, elle t'aime."

CHAPTER SEVENTH
OF THE SOBIESKI STUARTS

PRINCESS LOUISE OF STOLBERG

CHAPTER SEVENTH
OF THE SOBIESKI STUARTS

PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD HAD scarcely been laid in the grave when the French throne was overturned, and France entered upon the phase of democratic militarism which, though it unsettled her politics, thwarted aristocratic pretensions and ensured the economic independence of her peasant farmers. In Britain the large tenant farmers and the trading bourgeoisie made common cause with the vigorous nobility, who both owned the land and guided the politics of the country, against the disaffected members of the labouring and operative classes, whose only really dangerous elements were weeded out automatically by enlistment for foreign service, and turned against the French enemies of established order, while the docile stay-at-homes were drafted into the great new armies of organised labour, and drawn up in serried thousands at the looms and furnaces. While winning military laurels abroad, the nation was entering at home, under royal and aristocratic

auspices, upon that rather depressing Industrial Era whose social results are only now beginning to be realised. One result was the rise, with Godwin and Shelley, of the social idealism which has gradually crystallised into the constructive Socialism of to-day. A contrasting and more immediate result was the romantic reaction which found expression successively, and according to tradition and temperament, in chivalric poetry, Byronism, Puseyism, and the Primrose League. It was in the second quarter of the century, just before Pre-Raphaelitism and Fabianism began to be fashionable, that this romantic reaction reached its height. The sons and daughters of sturdy Nonconformist manufacturers deserted the Chapel and identified themselves with the High Church movement; solid young English lawyers and bankers paraded the Highland glens in kilts and glengarries and got up Jacobite sentiment on whisky and oatcakes; the scions of old Whig houses fraternised with Jesuit priests at Rome and contracted matrimonial allian-

ces with the Italian nobility, and mushroom families were invested with a feudal glamour by the announcement that the Hon. Mr. William Smith had become a Franciscan friar, or that Lady Gwendoline Thompson had taken the veil and entered a Carmelite convent. There was a nucleus of undoubted seriousness in the movement; but most of it was mere millinery, the expression of the curious modern English fancy for social "make-up."

Of this romantic snobbery and "Charlie-over-the-Water-ism," which Borrow trounced so unmercifully in the appendix to the *Romany Rye*,—and of which he laid all the blame upon Scott, though Scott was personally as free from it as Goethe was from Wertherism,—by far the most remarkable exponents were the two brothers, John Hay Allen and Charles Stuart Allen, who became known as the Sobieski Stuarts. Their paternal grandfather was Admiral Carter Allen, of the British Navy, who was connected with the family of Downshire, and who, as a de-

scendant of the Hays of Erroll, laid claim to a Scottish earldom. He died in 1800, leaving two sons, both naval officers. Something has been made of his having bequeathed £2200 to the younger son, Captain John Allen, and only £100 to the elder, Lieutenant Thomas Allen, the father of the "Sobieski Stuarts"; but this is easily accounted for on the theory of a previous financial settlement. Thomas married the daughter of an English vicar in 1792, retired from the Navy in 1798, and died in Clerkenwell at a great age in 1852: he seems to have acquiesced passively in his sons' royal claims, but to have been more interested in his father's claim to the earldom of Erroll. Both the sons must have been born before 1795, for, according to their own account, they fought under the "eagle monarch" at Dresden and Leipzig, and Napoleon's own hand pinned an eagle on the "throbbing breast" of the "child of battles." At Waterloo, also, they were conspicuous in "dolmans green, pelisse of crimson dye." Then followed seven years of historical and

archæological study in London, broken by a Scottish visit during which they perfected themselves in Gaelic and cultivated the acquaintance of several of the Highland nobility. By this time they had changed their name from Allen to the Scottish form of Allan.

Having practised their parts, the two brothers had a full-dress rehearsal on the occasion of George IV.'s state visit to Edinburgh in 1822, when they astonished the chiefs by the bizarre splendour of their Highland garb and by the depth and novelty of their sartorial erudition. The elder brother was probably the gentleman on whose bosom Scott's quick eye distinguished the Erroll badge of High Constable of Scotland. In the same year appeared opportunely, with a dedication to the Duke of Argyll, *The Bridal of Caolchairn, and Other Poems*, by John Hay Allan, in which the author plays the part of solemnly unconscious buffoon with the properties of friars, fair maydens, dark warriors, oracular sages, and dark bens and lochs, left

lying about the stage of pasteboard romance by the Wizard of the North. Thus the mocking-bird begins his lay—

> "Grey spirit of the Lake, who sit'st at eve
> At mighty Cruachan's gigantic feet;
> And lov'st to watch thy gentle waters heave, etc.
> . . . . . .
> The yellow evening's setting gleam
> Had died upon Glen Lochie's stream,
> And faint its parting lustre shed
> Within Beann Lavi's corrai red. . . ."

Nor are the lengthy erudite notes forgotten. A reference to Prince Charles as "the last of Albyn's royal race" accords as little as the stanzas John had written on George IV.'s landing in Edinburgh with the brothers' subsequent statement that their royal origin had been made known to them as early as 1811. Within a few years after 1822, however, the proofs of it were revealed in confidence to a select group of Scottish gentlemen, and were accepted as genuine by such responsible and sagacious men as the 10th Earl of Moray, the 14th Lord Lovat, Sir Thomas Dick-Lauder, and Dr. Robert Chambers. By 1826 we find the brothers settled, with Charles's wife and sister-in-law, on the

Elginshire estate of the Earl of Moray, who allowed them the run of Darnaway Forest. There they built a "forest hut of moss" and played at being hunted wanderers — on a thousand a year—until 1838, when they removed to a cosy and commodious wigwam built for them by Lord Lovat on Eilean Aigas, a rocky islet on the deep swift river Beauly, about five miles above Beaufort Castle, and at the loveliest point of one of the loveliest of Highland straths. Here for eight years they led an idyllic existence, shooting, fishing, reading, writing, and receiving visits from the neighbouring gentry. In 1841 the New Statistical Account mentions the presence in Eskadale Parish of the "Messrs. Hay Allan Stuart, said to be the only descendants of Prince Charles Edward." At Darnaway they had attended the Parish Church, but they now took a further step "over the water," and on Sunday mornings were rowed up to Mass at Eskadale Chapel in a sort of state barge, with a banner at the bow, which was carried before them to the church door.

In 1842 John created a flutter among Scottish archæologists by publishing, with coloured illustrations and with elaborate introduction and notes by "John Sobieski Stuart," the *Vestiarum Scoticum*, which purported to be from the sixteenth-century MS. of a "Schyr Richard Urquharde, Knycht," showing the tartans of "ye chieff Highland and bordour Clannes." The original MS. was stated to have been in the possession and to bear the signature of John Lesly, Bishop of Ross, an adherent of Queen Mary, and to have been taken at the Reformation to the Scottish monastery at Douai, where it had been given to Prince Charles Edward. Neither this manuscript, nor a Cadiz "transcript" with which it was said to be "collated," was ever produced to the world; but a specimen of the eighteenth-century "third copy," said to have been obtained from an Edinburgh "sword-player," had been submitted privately about 1827 to Sir Walter Scott, who had pronounced it a feeble and clumsy forgery, obviously inspired by some cursory

DUCHESS OF ALBANY

visits to Edinburgh clan-tartan warehouses. But apart even from this verdict, from the blunders in clan derivations, and from the inclusion of "Haye" and "bordour" tartans, and of events and discoveries of later date than 1571, the MS. was put out of court at once by the improbability of any sixteenth-century writer of Lowland Scots knowing or caring anything about Highland costumes. The colour-fancies of John Sobieski Stuart, however, have profitably extended the scope of modern Scotch haberdashers. The book was followed up two years later by an original work by both brothers, *Costumes of the Clans*, a huge duodecimo, with numerous line drawings, mainly by John, incredibly fantastic, but of excellent draughtsmanship; one of them, "from the original picture in our possession," represents Prince Charles as a "pretty man" in the Lowland rather than the Highland sense, theatrically posed against a very pretty Highland background. The book is a monument of wide if undiscriminating learning, and a model of easy and

picturesque fluency; even satire is not absent, and the writers are very scathing about the English-tourist wearers of Highland fancy dress! In the Gaelic and English preface "Iain" and "Tearlach" tell their "beloved people" how they "came to your repose when the Imperial sun went down. In the deep and death-like sleep which followed, your harp and your pipe reawakened our spirit—we lived again with the aged and the recluse, the bards of the glens, the hunters of the hill, among the deer of the desert, and the eagles of the cairn—our conversation was of the ages in which we ought to have been born."

This preface paved the way for the publication, in 1847, of the key-novel in which "John Sobieski Stuart" and "Charles Edward Stuart" make the world partakers of their secret. In the *Tales of the Century* we are told how a certain Dr. Beatson, who had fought at Culloden, was accosted in the Apennines by a mysterious stranger, who asked him to come and render a professional ser-

vice "to one—the most illustrious and unfortunate—of Scottish Jacobites." He was led blindfolded over rivers and mountains, and found himself at last in a gorgeously furnished palace, whose walls were hung with Stuart portraits. But the presence of a nurse with an infant in her arms showed that the interesting event for which he had been summoned had already taken place; and the doctor merely felt the lady's pulse, wrote out a prescription, and, having taken an oath of secrecy regarding a miniature of Charles Edward he had seen lying on the table, repaired to the nearest seaport. There, in the moonlight, he saw a lady, who carried something in a shawl, conveyed on board a British frigate, which he found to be the *Albina*, Commodore O'Haleran. The scene then shifts to the Highlands, where we find the mysterious infant, now a man, cultivating the acquaintance of his Scottish subjects. "The folk call him the Iolair Dhearg" (says the hoary herdsman on the western shore), "the Red Eagle, for his red tartan and

the look o's ee, that was never in the head o' man nor bird but the eagle and Prince Charlie." From this point the action gets rather lost amid grandiloquent description and the Cockney-Scotch maunderings of humble loyalists, but we gather that in 1790 the Iolair Dhearg married an English lady named Catherine Bruce, and had issue. Commodore O'Haleran, the rightful Earl of Strathgowrie, is, of course, Admiral Carter Allen, the Erroll claimant, who, it seems, really was in the Mediterranean about 1773; Dr. Beatson may have been meant for the authors' acquaintance, Dr. Watson, the discoverer of the Stuart Papers, who had committed suicide in 1838; the Iolair Dhearg, the mysterious infant of Prince Charles and Louise Stolberg, is Lieutenant Thomas Allen, the father of the "Sobieski Stuarts"; and, in spite of a dithyrambic verbosity which marks the deliquescence of aristocratic romance, the authors certainly succeed—to quote from Professor Skene's scathing review of their work—"in announcing

openly to the dandies of the Celtic Club and the Dowagers of the Inverness Meeting that *they have yet a King*." The categorical announcement, however, did more harm than good to the opera-bouffe "Cause" of the brothers. It was an open challenge to the reviewers, who promptly reminded the public that the birth of a male heir to the "Pretender" would have been only too readily intimated to Europe, and that, apart from Cardinal Henry's acceptance (if not assumption) of the title of Henry IX., and the Countess of Albany's legacy of her whole fortune to the painter Fabre, the unsupported assertions of the Sobieski Stuarts were disposed of by Charles's positive statement that Charlotte was his only child. And when John, in a "Reply" to the *Quarterly*, fatuously ascribed his chief critic's "hostility" to partisanship of a rival claimant, Baron Rohenstart, a soi-disant grandson of Clementina Walkinshaw, the spell of mystery which the brothers had exercised over the popular imagination was broken, and they began to

be regarded as merely a pair of crack-brained impostors.

In 1848, "Iain" and "Tearlach" made their last appearance as authors with the *Lays of the Deer Forest*, in two volumes, the second and longer of which is devoted entirely to voluminous and very erudite notes on Highland tradition, sport, and natural history. Such titles as "The Templar's Tomb," "The Hunter's Lament," "King Albin's Tomb," sufficiently indicate the style and spirit of these poems. But the book is a distinct advance on the *Bridal of Caolchairn*, and the brothers at their best are better than Scott at his worst. In "The Exile's Farewell," the mocking-bird tries over the note of the songster at whose coming Scott had ceased to sing—

> "Land of the warrior clans,—my father's land,
> Land of the plume, the helmet, and the brand,
> Land of the deer and eagle—the last shell,
> The parting shell I drink to thee,—farewell!"

Creditors had invaded the court of Eilean Aigas in 1845, when we find John asking Dr. Robert Chambers for a loan of £100 on

the strength of his approaching marriage to a Miss Georgina Kendall, a Warwickshire lady,—whom he really did marry, but who seems never to have lived with him,—and the "exiles" had said their last farewell to Scotland before the appearance of the *Tales*. For over twenty years they lived in Bohemia, chiefly at Prague and Presburg. It is said that their claims were acknowledged by the Austrian authorities, and that they received royal salutes when they passed the barracks. Charles's only son, Charles Edward, became a colonel of Austrian cavalry, and in 1873 was appropriately engaged in running Carlist munitions into Spain; his wife—by whom he had no children—was, curiously enough, a daughter of the 17th Earl of Erroll and a granddaughter of William IV. Of Charles's three daughters, the eldest and youngest died unmarried; the second married Colonel von Platt, of the Austrian Imperial Bodyguard, and had one son, Alfred Edouard Charles, an officer in the Austrian Artillery, and the last representative of the "Sobieski Stuarts."

The two brothers returned to England in 1867, and became conspicuous among the picturesque "oddities" of London. They spent most of their time in the British Museum, where they had a table reserved for them; their pens, paper-knives, and so forth, were surmounted with little gold coronets — though the poor men were apparently in desperate straits for money. "They wore curious clothes," says Mr. Henry Jenner, who used to work near them, "and were considerably decorated with orders. They were tall, very dignified, and of beautiful stately manners. The likeness to the Stuarts, of which so many people spoke, was not really very apparent, though one of them had a certain likeness to a profile armour-clad James II., which was in the Stuart Exhibition." Mr. Lang conjectures, somewhat vaguely, that the "Stuart likeness" may go back to Charles II. On John's death in 1872 Charles assumed the title of Count d'Albanie; he died at Bordeaux in 1880. Both brothers are buried at Eskadale, under a Celtic cross which bears

a Latin and Gaelic epitaph by the late Bishop Grant of Aberdeen. The last of those who believed in their claims was the late Marquis of Bute.

Everything that is known concerning the antecedents, character, and private lives of the brothers Allen goes to show that these estimable and accomplished gentlemen were no mere vulgar impostors, but were genuinely convinced of their royal origin. Their extraordinary hallucination is explained—so far as it can be explained—by the "suggestive" influence of a series of coincidental circumstances upon credulous and impressionable natures which the spirit of the age had already predisposed to romantic day-dreaming. They are not to be blamed for failing to realise that the personal qualities which won them esteem constituted the strongest disproof of their claim; nor were their supporters any more absurd than the British "Legitimists" of our day, who solemnly hail their legitimate sovereign in the Bavarian princess who happens to be a descendant of Charles I.

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